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The Outlook

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NEW·SERIES·OF
THE CHRISTIAN·UNION

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William Dean Howells

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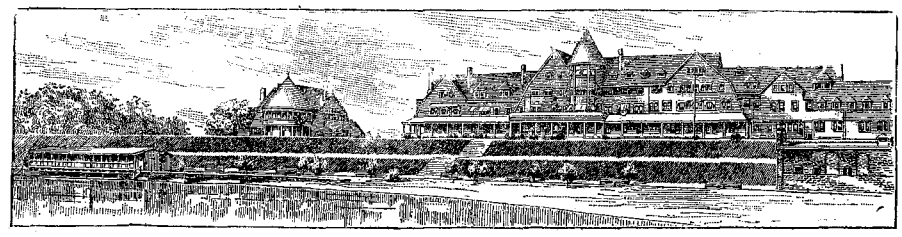

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Recreation Department, The Outlook, New York

To Congregationalists

Congregational Home Missionary Society,
Bible House, New York, March 1, 1894.

The Executive Committee of the Congregational Home Missionary Society is compelled by the financial situation in which the Society to-day finds itself to give notice to the Congregat onal churches of the United States, whose agent it is, that there is every probability that the work of the Society for the new year, which begins April 1, will have to be seriously curtailed.

The receipts for the eleven months of the year now closing have fallen off in contributions $78,000, and in legacies $79,000, a total of $157,000, and we are now borrowing $125,000.

A large increase of gifts during the present month is all that will save us from a step which will occasion widespread disturbance and serious loss to the cause, but which otherwise is inevitable; and this notwithstanding the fact that no increase has been made in the expenditures of the National Society for the past three years.

The Committee appeals for an immediate response from every Congregationalist in the land, that we may be relieved from a situation full of distress to us all.

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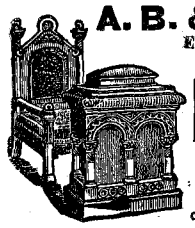

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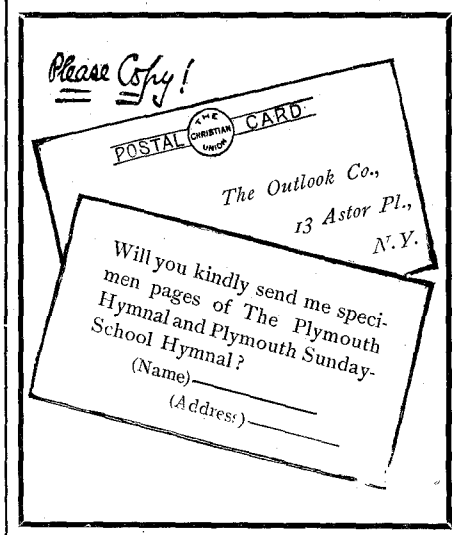

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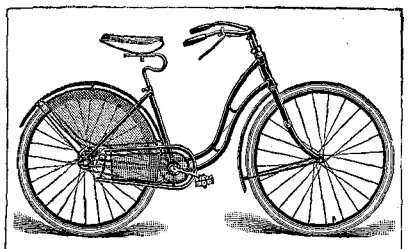

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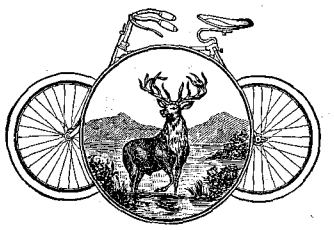

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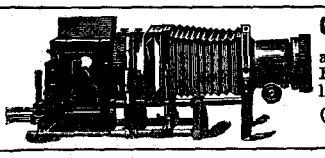

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Volume 49 For Week ending 31 March, 1894 Number 13

The Week

Louis Kossuth

The death of Louis Kossuth at his home in Turin, Italy, on Tuesday night of last week, ends one of the most picturesque and interesting careers of the century in Europe; for Kossuth, although so long removed from active participation in public affairs, has been a figure of world-wide interest for at least forty years. Born in Hungary on the 27th of April, 1802, of a family of Slavonic origin, of noble blood, and of the Lutheran faith, Louis Kossuth received a liberal education and imbibed liberal principles at the same time. He began active life as a lawyer, and his remarkable talents almost immediately attracted attention, for he was not only, at the start, a speaker of great eloquence and persuasive power, but a man of notable executive ability, a thorough student of history, and a linguist of rare accomplishments, with a personality of winning attractiveness and charm. At the age of twenty-seven he entered the National Diet as the proxy of a member of the Upper House, and attracted notice at once, not only on account of his speeches in the House, but on account of his adroitness and energy in extending the methods of communication between the Diet and the voters. It was impossible under the laws to publish the debates of the Diet, but Kossuth dictated the salient features of the proceedings to an army of copyists. After the close of the Diet the enthusiastic reformer undertook to publish a lithographed paper in Pesth, but was speedily arrested on a charge of treason, and sentenced to an imprisonment of four years. At the end of a year and a half he was liberated, and, although greatly reduced in physical vigor, attacked the work of reform with renewed enthusiasm as the editor of a semi-weekly newspaper, the "Pesth Journal." The brilliancy and audacity with which the paper was edited had not a little to do in the success of the opposition in the elections of 1840.

❀

Seven years later Kossuth entered the Diet to represent Pesth, and became at once the leader of that body. The following year, taking advantage of the revolution in Paris, he proposed an address to the Emperor urging the recognition of the independence of Hungary as a Federal State. The address was presented, Kossuth was appointed Minister of Finance, and the reform measures for which he had contended were speedily adopted. This, however, was only the beginning of the struggle. It is unnecessary to tell again the disastrous issue of the chivalrous and splendid fight for their liberties made by the Hungarians, or to recall the defeat which was apparently inevitable from the beginning. In that struggle, during which Hungary was driven into rebellion against the King, and became an independent State, with Kossuth as its first President, the reformer and orator showed tireless energy; but the forces against him were too great. In August, 1849, he resigned and fled to Turkey. Two years later he came to this country, and the story of the welcome extended to him, and of the fervid and entrancing eloquence with which he pleaded the cause of his country, has become a National tradition. No foreigner, save Lafayette, has ever been in so general a sense the guest of the Nation. He was pleading, however, for a lost cause, and from the day he fled into Turkey to the day of his death he never again set foot on his native soil.

❀

During this long interval of forty-three years, as teacher, lecturer, and writer, in exile, and under a crushing sense of disappointment, he was bravely fighting for the means of supporting his family. The closing years were spent at Turin, and although the weakness of age came on apace, science, literature, and education remained the channels for the pouring out of an energy which age itself seemed hardly to diminish. Although no longer a Hungarian citizen, and refusing by word or deed to acknowledge the sovereignty of the reigning house of Austria, or to live in Hungary under its domination, Kossuth's patriotism burned with undiminished fervor to the end. "I am a living protest," he wrote last autumn, "against Hungary's faithlessness, and my creed must therefore be to refuse myself the pleasure of again seeing my home." Kossuth was remarkable in many ways, and, although so long out of the European strife, he has never been forgotten by the world at large. He combined in rare degree the lyrical temperament with executive capacity and great force of character. In the minds of most Hungarian Liberals, his position of late years was a mistake, and Hungary has fared better under the rule of the Emperor Joseph as a Federal State, with her own Parliament and with practical independence of action, than if she had secured her entire independence from Austria. Indeed, in view of the situation in Central Europe, it is hard to see how she could have maintained that independence. But, whether mistaken or not, Kossuth's unflinching adherence to the line of policy he had marked out, and his absolute refusal to compromise in any form with the existing order of things, make him a very striking figure. He was one of the few men of the century who, having identified themselves with an ideal, lived and died in unswerving loyalty to it. Such a man may be mistaken as a practical politician—it is quite likely that Deák was far more of a statesman than Kossuth, and that his policy has brought greater prosperity and better results to Hungary than could have been secured under the policy of Kossuth—but the fact that Kossuth bound himself for life and death to the principle of national lib-

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erty gives his life a heroic tinge, and will preserve the memory of his name long after the tradition of his eloquence has perished.

❀

Mr. Gladstone has written a very significant and characteristic letter to his Midlothian constituents, in which he says that, while his career has been chargeable with many errors of judgment, he hopes that it has been governed "by uprightness of intention and the desire for strict justice." That career began with the Reform Act of 1832, "which," he says, "for England meant improvement and extension, and for Scotland political birth. . . . The great legislative and administrative period—perhaps the greatest in our annals—will be the history of emancipation—political, social, moral, and intellectual. Another period opens; a period with possibly yet greater moral dangers, and certainly a great ordeal for those classes which are now becoming largely conscious of their power, but have never hitherto been subjected to its deteriorating influences. These influences have been confined to the classes above them, because they were the sole possessors of this power. . . . But I recognize the great and growing demands of these classes for satisfying their legislative wants. I lament that the discrepancy of sentiment between the two Houses of Parliament has been revived to such an extent as to raise a question between the chamber responsible and the chamber totally irresponsible to the nation, and raise it in such a form as will demand at no distant day a conclusive judgment from the constituencies. I feel deeply convinced that, until the first demands of Ireland are satisfied, as the House of Commons tried to satisfy them, neither will the legislative wants of any portion of the United Kingdom be adequately met, nor will the Empire attain the maximum of its union and power, nor British honor be effectually cleared of the deepest historic stain ever attached to it."

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The New York "Tribune," commenting on the situation in Spain and Portugal, calls attention to some facts which show how full of uncertainty the situation is in both countries. The French Minister has been recalled from Lisbon as an expression of the disapproval by the French Government of the manner in which French creditors have been treated by Portugal. In Spain a ministerial crisis, due to Cabinet dissensions on questions of internal policy, is held back by the postponement of the meeting of the Cortes. One of these questions relates to the matter of taxation in the Navarre and Basque Provinces, which have long exercised a kind of administrative autonomy, the authorities collecting and distributing the taxes, managing provincial and local affairs, and contributing a fixed sum every year to the national treasury. The taxes having been increased very considerably in other parts of Spain during the last decade, the Government has called upon the Navarre and Basque Provinces for an increase in their annual contribution, and this request has been refused. As matters now stand, the people in these Provinces pay annually about eleven francs per capita in taxes, while the people in the rest of Spain pay twenty-six francs per capita. The people in the two Provinces stand firmly on what they declare to be their historical rights, and are ready to resist with force any attempt of the Government to change the rate of taxation. The financial question becomes every day a more prominent feature of the European situation, to say nothing of its prominence in current politics in this country.

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More detailed accounts have now come to hand of the great Arab revolt on the upper Congo, in Africa. Years ago traders from Muscat, in eastern Arabia, began to enrich themselves with ivory, plantations, and slaves in Central Africa, pushing further and further until they arrived first at the lakes and then at the Congo, where lies their town Nyangwe, with its fifty thousand inhabitants, the largest settlement on the river, a place which has been made familiar to us through the writings of Livingstone, Cameron, and Stanley. The criminally enforced monopoly of trade, long enjoyed by these Arabs and their native servants, was the cause of hostilities, a determined stand having been taken over two years ago by Captain van den Kerckhoven against the marauding bands which were obtaining both ivory and slaves by pillage and murder. Retaliation through massacre then began, in return for which the Congo soldiers, drawn mostly from cannibal countries and fairly well drilled, drove the enemy to the border of the State. That famous revolter, Tippu Tib, is at Zanzibar, it seems, and out of the business, but his son, Sefu, has jeopardized his father's great possessions in order to aid the rebels. A succession of battles brought the victors to Nyangwe, which they took after a six weeks' siege, and where were found the murdered Emin Pasha's journal and letters. The remnant of the Arab forces have made their way to Lake Tanganyika. Another African land, long a refuge for Arab traders, is now also the seat of war, according to last week's dispatches. To check their nefarious slave-catching, which had well-nigh depopulated the district between Lake Albert Edward and the Victoria Nyanza, Captain Lugard built forts along the northern Ugandian frontier about the time when the Belgian captain was resisting by force the inhumanities of the traders in the Congo territory. Beyond these frontier outposts, and stretching to the Albert Nyanza, lies Unyoro, the only region near Uganda which the rulers of that once strong nation could not conquer, while still another next-door neighbor is Emin Pasha's Equatorial Province. As the King of Unyoro has been waging war against the tribe which permitted the erection of these fortifications, Great Britain has now declared war against him. The Unyoran forces are well armed and fight as desperately as any, but the Nubian soldiers, officered by Britons, must finally overcome them. Even in Africa wrongful methods of gain do not always prosper.

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The New Jersey deadlock has been broken by a decision of the Supreme Court against the party to which six out of eight of its members belonged. So heavy, indeed, was the Democratic majority upon the bench, and so uniformly of late years have court decisions followed partisan lines, that the Republicans maintained that the Court had no right to decide the controversy. This, however, was the only point which the Court decided against the Republicans. The main contention of the Democrats—that the New Jersey Senate, like the United States Senate, is a continuous body, and that the hold-over members have a right to pass upon the credentials of those newly elected—the Court finds to be entirely novel and ungrounded. The New Jersey Constitution, it says, imposes upon both houses the duty to meet and organize upon a certain day. The question of organization is an "all-important" one, and, therefore, "the mandate of the Constitution that the Senate shall be composed of one Senator from each county cannot be reasonably enforced except by the adoption of the hypothesis that each Senator shall have a voice in all proceedings that result in the composition of the body itself." The immediate effects of this decision are of the first importance. It makes valid as laws all of the sixteen measures passed by the Republican Houses and sent to the

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Governor. These include bills repealing last year's race-track laws, revoking all licenses heretofore granted to race-courses, and repealing the law permitting book-making and pool-selling on inclosed grounds. As one metropolitan paper bemoans, it means the closing "for the present at least" of "the $2,500,000 course of the Monmouth Park Association near Long Branch, undoubtedly the finest racing property in the world; the snug course of the Linden Park Blood-Horse Association at Linden, the track of the New Jersey Jockey Club at Elizabeth, and the Gloucester, Clifton, and Guttenburg courses." The same paper adds that the farmers of New Jersey will now lose thousands and thousands of dollars by the banishment of such important home markets, and that the breeders of thoroughbreds throughout the country will be injured. It is surely lamentable that the enormous sums hitherto spent upon the productive industry of race-track gambling must henceforth find other fields of investment! The victory for the reform forces is of the first magnitude, but the enormous private interests which have profited by these abuses are sure to renew the fight whenever public-spirited vigilance is relaxed. This war is not over until public duties have come to hold as high a place as private duties in the conscience of the State; so that the vigilance cannot be relaxed.

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The Iowa Legislature has repealed the prohibitory law so far as it affected cities containing over five thousand people. The act just passed does not formally license liquor-saloons in such cities, but imposes a tax of $600 a year (payable quarterly in advance) upon property in which liquor is sold, and makes the payment of the tax a bar to prosecution under the prohibitory law. For cities of over five thousand the saloons are apparently thus licensed, under the name of a tax, without regard to local sentiment; but for cities under five thousand the new act provides that no saloon can be established except on petition of sixty-five per cent. of the voters. The law is thus a compromise, not based upon any principle of license, local option, or prohibition. As only one-sixth of the people of the State live in cities of over five thousand, about five-sixths of the people practically remain under the prohibitory law. Even this concession to the license element (which has both Governor Jackson and ex-Chairman Clarkson on its side) was carried through the two Houses only under strong pressure from the party managers and the city press. In the Senate the final vote in its favor was but 26 to 24. In the House it had been 53 to 45; but this body no sooner passed this act, making concessions to the anti-prohibitionists, than it adopted a joint resolution submitting to the people of the State a constitutional amendment prohibiting the liquor traffic. It is evident that prohibition is stronger in the State than the city press has indicated, and the law just enacted is far from being the conclusion of the conflict.

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The Excise Reform Association of New York State has presented to the Legislature a new excise measure, which contains some distinctive and important reforms, and yet which does not seem to us up to the present state of temperance sentiment. It raises the licenses to sums varying from $50 for beer to $2,000 for general saloons. It provides that not more than one license shall be granted to every five hundred of population, and these shall be issued to all applicants who comply with the requirements of the Act, in the order in which their applications are filed. It requires public hearing upon notice in the case of all such applications, and provides that a license shall not be granted if the owners or lessees of the premises immediately chosen shall, before hearing, file objection; and it provides for appeal by citizens from the decision of the Excise Boards to the Courts, such appeal now being allowed only to the liquor-dealer. We believe that local option affords a better basis for action than high license, even with these restrictive provisions. The law respecting railroads in the streets affords a model which might be advantageously imitated. We should like to see the Excise Reform Association pressing for a law requiring, in all cities of over a given number of inhabitants, the approval of a majority of the residents of a given district, perhaps of a block, before a license could be granted, and giving power to the citizens in the villages and rural districts to prohibit all granting of licenses upon direct vote. With this provision might legitimately be combined the other restrictive provisions of the proposed Excise Bill of the Excise Reform Association.

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The frequent telegrams from Massillon, Ohio, respecting the proposed march of Citizen Coxey and his "industrial army" leave much to be desired in the way of accurate information. It appears, however, that Mr. Coxey is a man of some means who is not only convinced that our present industrial sufferings are due to the contraction of the currency, but also that there are no possible evils to come from an indefinite inflation of the currency. What he desires, according to the report, is a law authorizing every municipal corporation in the country to issue (or receive) paper money up to one-half the value of the taxable property it contains. This money he proposes that the municipalities spend in the employment of labor upon public works. As only Congress can enact the necessary legislation, he proposes that the unemployed shall organize and march upon Washington to demand relief. May 1 is, we believe, the date set for the demonstration before the Capitol. About seventy men set out from Massillon on Sunday. The Superintendent of the Washington police has taken the matter seriously enough to give notice that the "army" cannot lawfully enter upon the grounds of the Capitol. That any considerable body of men will join in this march is of course altogether improbable, as none but penniless men would be disposed to join it, and penniless men would stand a hundredfold better chance of steady rations if they tramped singly than if they tramped in a body. What is most serious about it all is that the currency ideas of the country are so chaotic that men at the West can believe that the currency may be inflated without correspondingly decreasing its value, while men at the East believe that it may be contracted without correspondingly decreasing the value of everything else.

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We have viewed with suspicion the charges preferred against the Superintendent of the Elmira Reformatory, partly because of a personal knowledge of Mr. Brockway and the workings of the institution, partly because several attempts have been made before to destroy the independent character of this institution and bring it into politics. Nor are we inclined now to give the same weight to the judgment apparently emanating from the State Board of Charities that we should give if the investigation had been differently conducted. It is stated on the authority of the President of the Brooklyn Ethical Association that two of the committee of three have dropped out of this investigation, one by death, the other by his departure to Europe, leaving the investigation really to be conducted by one man—Mr. Edward H. Litchfield. The approval of the rest of the Board appears to have been based upon Mr.

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Litchfield's report, and does not carry the weight which would be carried if the Commission had themselves conducted the investigation, or if the sub-committee of three as originally constituted had continued the investigation to its close. On the other hand, the evidence does seem to justify, we are sorry to say, the conclusion of the New York "Evening Post" that the case "shows afresh the perils of arbitrary power, no matter in what hands, and the constant temptation to use brutality in dealing with brutal criminals." But the essential principles of the Reformatory—namely, the indeterminate sentence, and the discharge upon satisfactory evidence that the convict is capable of earning an honest livelihood, and determined so to do—are not, in our judgment, affected by this investigation.

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As to the general conclusions of this report, we heartily agree with the recommendation of the State Board of Charities that the administration of corporal punishment be allowed only upon the judgment of a majority of the number of managers sitting as a court, after opportunity to the accused to be heard in his defense; and we think also that persons discharged under parole should not be liable to be brought back without some sort of a trial—either, as suggested by the State Board, before a court of record, or perhaps before the Board of Managers. We also agree heartily in the recommendation that a second reformatory be constructed to be conducted upon the same general principles as those upon which the Elmira Reformatory is conducted. In conclusion, it should be said that the judgment of the State Board, founded as it is upon the report of one member, is to a considerable extent counterbalanced by the testimony of prominent citizens who have familiarized themselves with the facts and have known something of the interior history of the institution. Among them may be mentioned the Hon. Charlton T. Lewis, President of the present Reform Association; Mr. William F. Round, an expert in penology; the Hon. Frank B. Sanborn, President of the Massachusetts State Board of Charities; Charles Dudley Warner, whose testimony respecting the working of this institution has been frequently given; and perhaps we may be permitted to add our own knowledge of its working, derived both from personal visitation at the institution and from personal conference with those who have passed through its discipline.

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It is not often that physicians write upon social reform questions, though the work of social reform, if it is the carrying forward of the work of Christ, demands the caring for the sick almost as much as it demands the teaching of the poor. It is with peculiar pleasure, therefore, that we welcome the careful and humane study of the social environment of hospital children by Dr. H. D. Chapin in the March "Forum." Dr. Chapin is a physician to the New York Post-Graduate Hospital, and has made a record of six hundred cases that came under his care. His object was to determine how far the diseases of very little children were occasioned by heredity and how far by the conditions in which they lived. Most of the children were under two years of age, and nearly half under one year. At the time of birth, 508 of them were reported to have been in good condition, and only 20 were reported to have been in bad condition. In 12 cases the report was "only fair," and in the remaining cases there was no report. The children as a whole, therefore, seem to have started life well. What, then, had been their environment? It was found that in 106 cases the mothers were the sole bread-earners, and that in 88 cases the fathers were out of work when the children came to the hospital. Besides these there were 176 cases in which the mothers as well as the fathers were obliged to work. The results of this were very striking. "Two hundred and fifty-seven of the cases," says Dr. Chapin, "were deprived of maternal nourishment before the proper time, and 101 of the babies never received it at all. The usual reason was that the mothers were obliged to go out to work and remain away for too long intervals to care properly for their infants. As a direct result, a large number develop rickets, which is usually accompanied by a softening of the bones, together with great irritation of the nervous system. Almost all these diseases could have been prevented by proper diet and care, and yet when brought to the hospital they were frequently so far advanced as to result either in death or in a more or less permanent crippling of a healthy life." The family incomes in nearly half the cases could not be obtained with any definiteness, but in 150 cases they were reported to be between $5 and $10 a week, and in 117 cases to be less than $5. In only eighty-five cases were they reported to exceed $10 a week. The large proportion of the families having less than $5 a week reveals a stratum of society which factory returns show nothing of. With such incomes, insufficient nourishment and unhealthy, overcrowded rooms are inevitable. When families are reduced to these conditions, physical degeneration is likely to destroy the power to rise. "It is evidently time to consider," says Dr. Chapin in conclusion, "whether some reasonable form of co-operation cannot be substituted for the bitter competition so wasteful of human life." The individual work to change character must not be slackened, but the social work to change environment must be pushed forward with all the earnestness which the religion of Christ can inspire.

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General News.—The students at Budapest, Hungary, last week started a patriotic demonstration in memory of Kossuth which ended in rioting that was suppressed by the military; many persons were wounded, and a great many arrests were made.——It is reported that President Peixoto, of Brazil, has revived old laws of the Empire authorizing the execution of rebels without trial; Admiral Mello has not surrendered, but is still in command of two large war-vessels, and is probably in communication with the disaffected Southern provinces.——The Cabinet of Belgium has resigned.——It is expected that an operation for cataract will be performed on Mr. Gladstone's eyes within a month.——The trial of the new 13-inch gun took place at Indian Head on Wednesday of last week, and was in every way successful; this is the largest cannon ever made in this country.——In the Gravesend (L. I.) trials, Justice Newton has pleaded guilty to a charge of conspiracy in the election fraud cases and has been sentenced to the penitentiary; Constable Jamieson has been found guilty of the charge of perjury, and there have been several other convictions.——A new tariff bill is to be introduced into the Canadian Parliament; it is said the net result of the reductions which the Government will propose will involve a falling off in revenue amounting to $1,500,000.——The execution of Prendergast, the assassin of Mayor Harrison, of Chicago, has been postponed for two weeks, another judicial inquiry into his sanity having been undertaken.——Alfred Holt Colquitt, United States Senator from Georgia, died at Washington on Monday of this week, at the age of seventy; Senator Colquitt had twice been Governor of Georgia, and was serving his second term in the Senate; he served with distinction in the Confederate army; throughout his career his personal character was never attacked; he was recog-

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nized as one of the leading laymen in the Methodist Church, and was a warm advocate of temperance and other reform movements.

The New Order in England

When Lord Rosebery spoke at Edinburgh a week ago, public interest centered in his declarations on the Irish question; but his most significant speech was made last Wednesday in London—a speech which promises to mark a new departure in English politics. The Premier had already indicated the lines of policy which the Liberal party will pursue, and had pledged the fidelity of that party to the course of action already marked out by Mr. Gladstone. In the London speech he went further, and declared that hereafter English public life is to be permeated by a new spirit, which shall seek first and foremost the advancement and well-being of the workers of the nation—a spirit which will embody itself in legislation very widely different from the traditional legislation of the past. The extension of the suffrage, by lowering the conditions of the franchise so as to include the great mass of the people, has reached and brought out the conscience of the community, which is now alive to its duty to all classes. The speaker made his appeal to the great body of English citizens, without respect to party, to unite in caring for the condition of the worker, and closed by saying that he hoped that at no distant day there would come a Prime Minister who, standing aside, from time to time, from party affiliations, would speak straight to the hearts of the English nation. He entreated the English people, not on behalf of his own Ministry or of himself, to take some effective action which should save them all from perils which beset England, more terrible than were ever threatened by war, and which it was his deepest prayer that England might escape.

It is not surprising that such words as these should produce a very deep impression, and that they have confirmed the feeling that Lord Rosebery, though he wears a title, is heart and soul with the great body of the English people in their passionate desire for more wholesome conditions, both political and vital. In these words lies a definite declaration that the deepest tendencies of the day are not political but economic, and that the legislation of the future must turn much more on social questions than on those political questions which have hitherto, for the most part, made up the history of legislation. The English democracy is at last coming to the front, and it is to that democracy that the Prime Minister speaks. The conservative policy of ignoring it, beguiling it, or defeating it will, in the long run, prove futile. England is to be governed, not by her classes, but by her masses, as every country ought to be; and the only wise policy is one which clearly recognizes that fact, and seeks, by sympathetic leadership, to restrain unregulated impetuosity and guide badly directed activity. It is by no means an accidental coincidence that Mr. Gladstone, in his letter to his Midlothian constituents (commented upon in a paragraph in The Week), recognizes the same great change which the Prime Minister sees. "Now is the time," says the great retiring statesman, "for the true friend of his country to remind the masses that they owe their present political elevation to no principles less broad and noble than these: the love of liberty, and of liberty for all without distinction of class, creed, or country; and the resolute preference of the interests of the whole to any interest, be it what it may, of a narrower scope." Never, surely, was the fundamental principle of democracy, which is the custody of the best interests of the greatest multitude, ever more clearly put; and it is significant of the sagacity and open-mindedness of Mr. Gladstone that, as his last words in the House of Commons indicated the next practical advance in constitutional growth, so these words, spoken to his own constituents, revealed his prevision of the rule of the English people instead of the rule of classes of that people.

In his very interesting comment on the accession of Lord Rosebery, which appears elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook, Mr. William Clarke, a London correspondent, emphasizes the fact that the new Premier is a representative of social radicalism rather than of political radicalism, and that his appearance at the head of the Government marks a transition so great that it is not an exaggeration to call it a change of the old order and the coming in of a new order. Lord Rosebery holds an exceptionally strong position; a position which will permit him to do almost anything if he has the courage, the character, and the ability. He is not only a young man for his position, but he is a man of great ability, of many kinds of accomplishments, of physical vigor, of the highest social position, and of practically unlimited wealth, for, owing to his near alliance with the Rothschilds, he stands in the closest relations to the foremost financiers of the world. In a position which allies him by birth, training, taste, and immediate interest to the English classes, Lord Rosebery is believed to be honestly and sincerely a man of democratic temper, spirit, sympathies, and beliefs. He has shown what has apparently been a perfectly sincere disregard of his title and his position, and his ambition has apparently been to make his place and do his work as a man among men, and not as a nobleman or a capitalist. On every occasion—and there have been several such occasions—of critical importance he has shown not only the deepest sympathy but the clearest insight into the needs and positions of working England, and his sagacity and judgment, with the confidence inspired by his character, have given him immense popularity with the working classes. It is possible, therefore, for Lord Rosebery to be an almost ideal leader of England in the great revolution which is now taking place in that country. If his sincerity, his courage, and his ability are equal to the demands that will be made upon him, he can safely lead England from the old to the new order; for, being in sympathy with the public movement and believing in it, he can restrain its excesses, direct its impulses, and lead it forward along normal and constitutional lines. One could imagine no better fortune for England in this critical period of her history than that such a successor should follow the great statesman whose retirement has just closed one great chapter of English constitutional growth.

Woman Suffrage

A petition is being extensively circulated in the State of New York, to be presented to the approaching Constitutional Convention, asking it to strike out the word "male" from the provision regulating suffrage. This amendment, if adopted, would confer suffrage upon the women of the State. It is hoped to secure a million signatures to this petition, and it is being so numerously signed that this hope is not irrational. Woman has the suffrage in Washington and Colorado; she has suffrage on certain matters in several of the States; many women who have no political ambitions are yet desirous of suffrage on school and excise questions; but it is at least doubtful whether any line can be legitimately drawn between topics on which women may and topics on which they may not vote. The movement for woman suffrage cannot be laughed down; it

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is not a proper theme for satire. Nor can it be disapproved on the ground that women are incompetent to exercise the suffrage. He would be a singular woman-hater who would affirm that the average woman is not as capable of voting intelligently and uncorruptly as are the average voters in our great cities or those in the Black Belt. Woman's capacity to deal with public questions was assured when education was guaranteed her. If there are some distinctively feminine qualities which might make mischief at the ballot-box, there are other distinctively masculine qualities equally mischievous. American democracy cannot refuse the ballot to woman on the ground of her incompetence. Universal suffrage ignores distinctions of class, sect, position, even learning. If it recognizes a distinction of sex, it must have a clear reason to show for so doing.

If, therefore, suffrage were a privilege and women were deprived of it, justice would combine with chivalry in demanding that it be given to her. But suffrage is not a privilege to be enjoyed; it is a duty to be performed; often a burden to be borne. This fundamental truth needs constant reiteration. So long as the ballot is regarded as a privilege, so long men will use it to secure offices for themselves or their friends, or even sell it for cash. Every voter in the United States votes for five other persons; he is a trustee, sacredly bound to administer his trust for the public good. The individual voter is as much under obligation to vote for the public welfare as is the individual representative in Congress. The question whether women shall vote is not, Shall a privilege be extended to them of which they are now deprived? but, Shall a duty be laid upon them from which they are now exempt?

For it must not be forgotten that if a woman *may* vote she *must* vote. And not only must she vote, she must acquaint herself with public questions and be prepared to vote upon them independently and intelligently. America has already too many selfish, indifferent, and unintelligent voters. She has too many men who might exercise a wide influence on the votes of others, who do not take the trouble even to cast their ballot. If the suffrage is extended to women, and they do not accept it as a sacred duty, the only result will be a great accession of unintelligent voters, swayed by party passion, domestic influence, or sectarian and ecclesiastical counselors, and a great abstention from the polls of the women whose votes would really count on the side of wisdom and virtue. It is only as the women of education and culture accept the suffrage as a sacred duty, and bring to bear upon the performance of that duty the same conscientious spirit which they bring to bear upon their present life-problems, that the extension of the suffrage could be of any benefit to them or to the State.

The question, then, to be considered by the women who read The Outlook—and to them this article is addressed—is this: Is it the duty of women to take up the political burdens of the State? We say this is the question for the women to consider, because if the time ever comes when a majority of the women of this country think that they ought to assume a share of political responsibility, the men will not refuse it to them. The reason why the suffrage is not extended to women is not that men think them incompetent; nor that women cannot enforce by arms their decision when it is made; nor that Paul gave instructions to the women of his time supposed by theologians to be inconsistent with woman suffrage: it is that women are themselves reluctant to assume political responsibility, and men are unwilling to impose it upon them.

At the last Presidential election in the State of New York about a million and a third of votes were cast. Presumptively, the number of women voters would be about the same. We should like to see an election held at which only women should be allowed to vote, and the question submitted to them whether they desired the suffrage, with a proviso that if 650,000 women voted for it, the suffrage should be extended to women. Our impression is that not one-fifth of the women of this State could be induced to-day to vote for woman suffrage. And so long as the women are unwilling to assume the onerous duty involved in the suffrage, the men are not to be condemned because they hesitate to impose that duty on their reluctant mothers, sisters, and wives.

Whether women need education on this subject, whether they ought to desire to take up this duty, whether, in other words, it really belongs to them and their reluctance is their recreancy, is another question, and one which we may consider hereafter.

General Neal Dow

General Neal Dow, whose ninetieth birthday was celebrated last week by the great gathering at Exeter Hall, London, as well as by many smaller gatherings in various parts of our own country, has lived long enough to receive something of the regard which succeeding generations are accustomed to pay to the prophets of great reforms. It was fifty-five years ago that he made his first campaign for no-license in the city of Portland. It was fifty-one years ago that he won his first victory. Since that time the principle of no-license has had a never-ending succession of defeats and victories, in a constantly enlarging territory, which now embraces the whole English-speaking world. Mr. Dow had been an advocate of total abstinence for years before he became convinced that individual action to secure abstinence must be supplemented by public action to remove temptations. The incident which occasioned the change in the method of work is perhaps well known. While serving as Mayor of Portland, he had made a fruitless effort to persuade a liquor-dealer not to sell to the husband of a woman who had begged in tears that he should not. The dealer had stood upon his rights under the law, and Mayor Dow had finally replied, "By the help of God, I'll change that law." In 1846 it was changed in part, and in 1851 it was transformed into what is now known the world over as "the Maine law."

For the next few years the cause of prohibition had a succession of victories in different parts of the country—even New York enacting a prohibitory law in 1856. In New York this law was overthrown by the courts (on the ground that it virtually destroyed property in intoxicating liquors already in stock), while in most other States the subsidence of the first enthusiasm and the rise of the slavery question enabled the liquor interests to regain most of the lost ground. So long as the slavery question maintained its overshadowing importance in the eyes of reformers, little was done to further temperance legislation, but with the close of the war the temperance question soon attained more than its old hold upon the conscience of the Nation. Periods of effort have been followed by periods of languor, but the gain each decade has been great. The States which prohibit the liquor traffic—Maine, Vermont, Iowa, Kansas, and the Dakotas—only partially measure the strength of the movement. Most of the Canadian provinces have recently voted for local prohibition by overwhelming majorities, while it was a prohibition majority in South Carolina which secured the enactment limiting the sale of liquor to State agents, and forbidding its sale to be drunk

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on the premises. Even more important is the immense territory, particularly at the South, from which liquor-saloons have been banished by local option, and the acceptance of the local-option principle in nearly all English colonies, and, finally, by the Liberal Ministry in Great Britain itself. At the beginning of this agitation, with which General Dow has from the first been identified, it was widely maintained by conscientious men that the State had no right to interfere with the free sale of liquor to adult men, however harmful the results of such sales might be. At the present time the right of the public to restrain, limit, or forbid a traffic which, as conducted, is a public curse is almost universally admitted. At the beginning it was widely maintained that prohibition without compensation was robbery. To-day our own Supreme Court has decided that there is no right to compensation when a business is suppressed because it has worked public injury; while in England an important part of the Conservative party, as well as the entire Liberal party, has accepted the same position.

To the prohibition movement, as represented by Neal Dow, The Outlook has taken two principal exceptions: (1) The attempt to extirpate the traffic by State or even National action disregards the principle of local self-government; (2) prohibiting all manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages in order to close the saloons disregards important distinctions, both moral and physiological. But we live in expectation of the day when an open liquor-saloon will be at least as rare in America as an open gambling-hell is now. And when that day arrives, those who have dissented from Neal Dow's methods and party policies, but have agreed with his abhorrence of the present liquor traffic, will unite with his professed followers in doing honor to his name.

The First Signs

The first note of the bluebird is something to remember after the long silence of the winter; for all the beauty of the oncoming season seems to become vocal in it. But before the spring becomes articulate it shyly discloses its presence in the soft color on the distant willows. The tide, so long flowing southward, has turned, and a delicate mist of verdure rests on the landscape. These earliest signs, so unobtrusive but so pervasive, have the double charm of freshness and promise. After the sleep which so closely simulates death, life once more makes its appeal to the imagination, and the delight of the first long walk is behind the eye rather than before it. The near trees still seem bare, but at a distance the outlines of branches and twigs, lately so distinct, are blurred and misty, as if a veil were spread over the woodlands. These first signs are so faint, taken separately, that they seem hardly real; but blended in the distance they are as authoritative in evidence of the presence of spring as will be the denser and darker foliage four weeks later. These faint announcements of the return of the pageant go straight to the imagination and make us aware how much we contribute out of our own souls to the beauty of the world about us. It is in the renewing of the spirit within that the reawakening without works its most wonderful miracle. For the heart that does not feel a new hope and the mind that does not get a new quickening, in these days of delicate bloom and shy notes sung among the undraped branches, must be dull indeed. The visible beauty of the world is as much in the eye which sees as in the landscape upon which that eye rests; and the deeper charm of life and hope and quenchless vitality, which Nature conveys to all who love her, is in the imagination which sees behind the fluttering garments the eternal beauty at the heart of things rather than in any visible loveliness. The coming weeks will have some new delight for the eye with every dawn; but in the open mind and heart there will be a joy fresher than the tenderest leaf and fuller of rapture than the richest notes of happy birds.

Editorial Notes

—The London "Athenæum," which is usually scholarly and accurate, falls into a curious blunder in reviewing two volumes of Mr. Mabie's essays which have recently been published in England. It says that it discovers in them traces of "the Wordsworthian tradition," and also "the influence of thinkers like Thoreau and Walden." The Chicago "Dial," commenting on this error, says that "the British critic probably refers to Walden Pond, which, although we have never before known it to be classed with American thinkers, was the friend and helper of so many of us."

—With its Easter number "The Christian at Work" becomes "The Christian Work," a compression of the title which is a distinct gain in strength. Another gain would be made, in our judgment, by dropping the article and calling the paper "Christian Work." In addition to the change in its name, our contemporary makes a still more radical change in its form, taking on a shape very much like that of The Outlook, although somewhat broader. With its new name and in its new dress "The Christian Work" cannot fail to commend itself to its old readers and to gain new friends. Mr. Marshall H. Bright gives its editorial pages constant variety, vivacity, and cheerfulness.

—The conflict between Governor Waite, of Colorado, and the Denver Police Commissioners has been ended by a decision of the Circuit Court sustaining the Governor at every point. Throughout last week the sharp contrast, noted in our last issue, between the reports telegraphed East and those given in the Denver papers continued. While the dispatches were speaking of the Populist Governor as if he were insane, the Denver "Republican" was sharply reprimanding the Police Commissioners for unwillingness to submit the case to the arbitration of the courts. The decision of the Court brings again into prominence the unreliability of the press dispatches from distant points concerning men and movements which are not in favor.

—No better evidence of the general advance of the country in artistic training and in a delicate perception of the fitness of things has lately been furnished than that afforded by the Easter numbers of the "Churchman" and the "Congregationalist." Both these papers are admirable examples of artistic work, as regards form, printing, and illustration. Outside of a distinctively art journal we do not remember to have seen so beautiful a piece of printing as the reproduction of the bas-relief, "The Women at the Sepulcher," in the "Churchman;" while the illustrations in "The Easter Story in Art" are printed by the "Congregationalist" for the most part with delicacy and effectiveness. Such work as that contained in these two issues of two leading weekly journals pleasantly offsets the tendency toward cheapness and vulgarity of taste in some of the daily journals.

—Without attempting to pronounce on the merits of the controversy between the Faculty of Amherst College and the Amherst Senate, we cannot refrain from expressing regret that the matter has terminated by the resignation of the student body and by the disappearance of what has been widely known as the Amherst system. The Amherst Senate has undoubtedly made some mistakes during its existence, and has not at all times met the expectations of its founders; but, so far as we have been able to judge, it has proved a very satisfactory method of settling a class of difficulties which are constantly arising and which constantly breed friction between a faculty and a body of undergraduates. The day of governing the American college student as if he were a boy has gone by, but the time has not come when American colleges can take the same attitude in the matter of discipline which is taken by the German universities. The Amherst system provided a middle ground by preserving the discipline, but making it in a sense voluntary, and administering it at the hands of the students. The relations between the student and the Faculty at Amherst have been, and remain, peculiarly healthy and friendly, and this state of things we judge to have been in no small sense due to the Amherst system. Nothing has brought out the value of self-government more clearly than the restraint and dignity with which the students have borne themselves in the recent discussion. It is very much to be hoped that the disappearance of the Amherst Senate is only temporary, and that this very interesting experiment, which seemed to have passed the experimental stage, will at no distant day be revived.

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The Writer and the Rest of the World

By W. D. Howells

As Interviewed by Clifton Johnson

CENTRAL PARK is fronted at its south-east corner by numbers of towering hotels and hardly less lofty flats. In one of these brownstone apartment-houses, five floors up, lives the novelist, Mr. W. D. Howells. I called one recent afternoon, and was soon talking with Mr. Howells in a little reception-room that adjoined the library. What he said I have tried to report in what follows these introductory sentences. Mr. Howells was, in this interview, as in all my acquaintance with him, a most comfortable person to talk with. He has not been made aristocratic by his fame, nor self-conscious. In manner and expression he is very simple and direct. His conversation runs readily through all shades of seriousness and humor, and often changes quickly from one to the other. This afternoon, while he sat opposite me, he got all the comfort he could out of his easy chair by variety of position, and more than once left it to take a turn up and down the room. I suggested that I supposed the proper way to begin a talk on writing was with a dose of discouragement for young authors. Mr. Howells said:

Why discourage young authors? I don't see why we should discourage them. If they go into literature just to make a living, they deserve to be discouraged. But their mistake then is in thinking of literature as an artificial thing, and of the production of it as an artificial thing. It is not a business. It is the expression of thought, observation, and feeling. Every one who writes a letter, and every one who talks, is an author. It doesn't matter whether he chances to be paid for what he says and writes or not; the cultivation of expression is good always. That should be helped, not discouraged.

On its business side the literary life is full of uncertainty and harassment. Very few can make a living in writing alone, unless as journalists and editors. The acceptance of a book by a leading publisher, or the acceptance of an article by a leading magazine, is no assurance of success. I had a good many pieces rejected after I got into the "Atlantic." When I went to Venice my luck deserted me completely. My things came back from every publication I sent them to. I began my writing on a newspaper in the West, and with that experience I supposed I could always get newspaper work; yet when I left Venice I was so doubtful about getting a living in any capacity as a writer that I came back prepared to go to typesetting if need be.

At the time I wrote "Venetian Life," Lowell had already taken five of my poems, Fields had taken some, and "Harper's" others; but when I submitted this manuscript to the "Atlantic," it did not happen to strike the editor's fancy, and was rejected. It finally found a place in the "Boston Advertiser," at five dollars a nonpareil column. What I really received when the United States currency was changed into Venetian gold was two dollars instead of five. Later I got the material into shape for a book, and sent it to the London publisher, Trübner. He said he would publish one thousand copies if I could get some American house to take half of the edition. I asked him if he would object to my first trying other of the English publishers before I gave him an answer. He said, "Not at all." I went around to a number of different ones with my book, but they wouldn't look at it—they wouldn't look at me. On the steamer that took me home I met Mr. Hurd, the Boston publisher, and broached the "Venetian Life" matter to him. He agreed to take five hundred copies, and the book was brought out. It was an instant success, and has had a constant sale ever since.

That shows something of the uncertainty of things literary. I have rejected things myself as an editor that I am sorry now I did reject. Most of our best writers have other work than writing, and other sources of income. They are in offices, occupy chairs in colleges, or, like John Burroughs, have a farm. It is almost always best that the writer should stick to some safe calling, and make literary work one of the pleasures of his leisure.

It is one of the curses of our conditions that so large a part of humanity is compelled to do one thing, and that only, from morning till night and day after day the year through. The writer and every other brain-worker ought to have the chance to work with his hands as well as with his head. As it is, with our physical inaction, we all stand in danger of drying up and blowing away, or of swelling up and cumbering the earth. I think it's a great pity we don't all work with our hands. Supposing we all did a little of that sort of work each day—worked till the sweat came, as Tolstoï says—how much better off we all should be! We should gain health and vigor and physical balance for ourselves, and lift part of the burden from the laboring class. If everybody did his or her share of the work of the world, there would be leisure and comfort for all. As society is now organized, there is immense waste of effort and of power unused. We are all working disconnectedly and competitively. Pride and habit and what-not keep us in the same old paths. This Nation professes to honor labor—there never was a greater farce. If a man gets to be a Senator or some high official, we are very glad to point him out and say, "That man split rails." But if we see a man splitting rails, we despise him.

It is one of our superstitions about a writer that he easily overworks himself and wears his brain out. But why should the mind be different from the body? We need daily exercise of the body—why not of the mind? I find that if I do not write for several weeks, or two or three months, my mind is not only rested, but rusted. It takes a good many days to get into working trim again; I phrase clumsily, and nothing will do itself readily and satisfactorily. There was one time, four or five years ago, when I had a most desperate experience of this sort. I thought I was never going to be able to get anything done. For weeks I made start after start, and tore up everything I wrote. I was in perfect despair about it.

A man is seldom overworked. He may have overworried or overeaten, and he may not have supported his brain with enough healthful muscular exertion. In any case, the best antidote for the man who thinks his brain is tired is some form of physical labor that he can take an interest in. He is best off if he can get outdoors and to the earth every day. I know I would get much more help if I could chop wood or dig potatoes for two hours every afternoon instead of walking for that length of time in the Park. I spent a week out at my father's place in Ohio last month, and I had a very good time. He had half an apple-tree blown down, and I bought a sharp ax and cut it up myself. I don't suppose a tree was ever cut into such small pieces before. It was astonishing how quickly I got back the knack of chopping, though I hadn't used an ax since I was a boy. I thought I could chop better than when I was a boy, too. The only ill effect was that it made my shoulders lame.

Writing is hard work. No one need envy a writer because he thinks the life an easy one. But, then, I don't believe that there is any universal seeking for an easy job. It is a seeking for work that one likes. It is a great mistake to think that we are naturally lazy. We are not. We are naturally active, and we enjoy activity when it is in line with our tastes. Men dislike business, often. But that is because they go into it to make money. They don't like it—they are only after the money. The artist is, I believe, the natural and normal human being. He does what he does because he loves it. He enjoys the creating, even with the labor and discouragement mingled with it.

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His position is enviable as long as he creates something that is beautiful or good. But the man that thinks of going into literature as he would try some other kind of business had better not do so, not even to earn an honest living.

The worst of the literary life is that it is artificial and cooped up. It is too much a part of the city. A man can't live an all-round life—can't work body and mind together. Now, I can't do hand labor here in the city without taking it from some man that really needs it. The difficulty, too, may often be that, even if a man might be content to live reasonably, the doing so would be a severe trial to somebody dear to him. A man is bound by his environment. We have got to change the conditions of our life entirely. People have yet to realize that liberty without equality is dead.

The country has decided advantages over the city for the writer as a living-place. The city pulls together rather than creates. In it is activity rather than substance. In the city you are apt to get the society feeling instead of the social feeling, which is a very different thing. The city is abnormal, anyway. I think we shall in time learn to do without cities, and that country village life will be universal. Ten or a dozen houses to a hamlet is enough. When you get many more than that, class distinctions and artificial society creep in.

The city, too, journalizes the mind. The newspapers are by far the greatest absorbers of written matter, and what they call for and their manner too easily become dominant. The newspaper life is one of warfare. You can't take what most newspapers print seriously. The man who writes partisan editorials doesn't take himself seriously. He happens to be on a particular side, and I suppose his conscience troubles him, not according as he supports right or wrong, but according as he fights well or ill.

I don't think writers are in the habit of producing what they believe to be wholly bad or poor just because they are paid for it. I don't know that I have ever written anything that I did not want to write independent of money considerations. Yet there are those, no doubt, who see that there is a demand for trash and make it. What they write may have wide sales and bring money success, but that is not true success. Won by such means, it is a deplorable failure. The ill use of talent as an author, a creator, is far worse than its misuse in business. For instance, the lawyer regards himself as a professional advocate. Whatever side he is on in a case, he is not defending justice or injustice, but trying to ascertain the law. Of course, I think his aim should be justice, not law; but the writer who sells himself to low ends has not even such an excuse.

Another notion that is abroad is that, if a person writes a great deal, that is a sure sign that he is writing for money. Besides, many people imagine he is writing himself out, and that what he does is not as good as if he wrote less. As a matter of fact, nearly all great writers have been very productive. One of the proofs of a man's ability is his productiveness. Is there anything Thackeray wrote that we can spare? Trollope did not write too much; nor did Dickens, though he isn't as good as either of the others. He was always extravagant; but when I make allowances for that, I enjoy reading him still. Even Scott did not overwrite. He produced only four or five great books, but the time was ripe for what he wrote, and there was none of it wasted. The master was there always. Hawthorne might be cited as a slow writer, but his books, too, make quite an array on the shelves. You really have no need to fear overwriting. Versatility and abounding ideas are the best proof in the world of a man's genius. Keep working over what you put on paper, if you choose, but don't stop.

The first things a person writes are pretty sure to be romance. The younger he begins the more certain this is to be so. He reproduces his reading, not life. It is very easy to do the fanciful. It is difficult to get the reality. One ought always to write about something he wants to write about, and he should verify his writing at every step. He must observe others and observe himself. Again and again, when I have put down what I thought was true only of myself, I have found it true of every one. We must not only picture life, but things need to be shown in their true perspective. One should have a very strict conscience about that. If you don't misrepresent, you don't do much harm, whatever you write about. In that lies the great objection to the whole romantic school. When romance takes an ideal subject and deals with it in a poetical manner, that is all right. But to give false impressions in what purports to be a picture of life is all wrong.

It is very necessary that a writer should have feeling, enthusiasm, wide experience, and courage. I don't think a young man can write a novel of much value. He has not seen enough of life. He can write a short story, or a romance, or a poem, but not a novel. Novel-writers begin comparatively late in life. I know Dickens wrote the first of his books when very young, but his exaggerations do not call for as serious observation as the more realistic type of story.

I used to be uncertain whether I could ever write a novel. My first one was "A Chance Acquaintance." I began it when I was thirty-five. "Their Wedding Journey" preceded it, but that was not exactly a novel. Yet it was a great work for me to fix up the scheme for that.

There is nothing that happens to the writer that is not material for him. Joy and suffering in every variety teach him. They are all valuable. Yet a man need not have had every experience that he is able to describe vividly. He has in his person the potentialities of all suffering, crimes, and heroism, in a state of arrested development. His sympathies are narrow and his writing is narrow if he does not feel this.

When he writes, he should say a thing simply and exactly as he believes it. It is very difficult to treat society subjects. You grasp them and crush them and your hands are empty. There's nothing there. But if you do get inside, there you have the real people. They can hide, but they can't abolish themselves. The effect of living in society on the writer depends on his attitude toward it. If he thinks it a great thing, it hurts him. If he regards it simply as material, it doesn't.

I think the more education a writer has the better. I always have regretted that I did not have a college education. Lowell, who was college-bred, used to tell me I was better off without it. Yet I don't see why it shouldn't be an advantage. They say, "The university is for the man that can use it." The man who goes to it must use it to get gain, and he must keep his individuality and independence. The teachers, I suppose, are often conventional, but I know a good many very fair-minded men among them.

The subject that people have the widest interest in is life. But the phase of life, or whatever it is you had best write about, is the thing right under your nose—something that has roused you—the thing that excited you during breakfast. You will make a multitude of attempts that will come to naught, and there will be waste of that sort through life, but in it all you will be learning.

If you have the stuff in you to make a writer of real worth, you will keep on working, no matter how hard your experience. You will write, not because you succeed or fail, or live here or there, but because you can't help it.

A certain ability to express one's self well is inborn, but it is always capable of being cultivated to greater pith and clearness. The colloquial style is best for a writer, beyond question. We should write in the simple, direct manner that we talk. The tendency is to write, not as we speak, but in the way we imagine to be the way. We use store words—the words we find in the ink-bottle. We say, "He bought what he wanted." We write, "He made the necessary purchases." Don't you see how much better the first is?

The time will come when our politest literature will be written and printed with all the contractions that we use in speech. They do it in French and Italian now. We never say "do not"—we say "don't," and I think it should so stand in print. The same applies to a good many other

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words. I thought at one time I would write the Study papers for "Harper's" with all these natural contractions. But a friend told me I was doing so many unorthodox things that if I did this, too, people would say I was a crank, and I desisted. However, I intend to write a book of essays in that style sometime.

It is better to avoid long sentences. You can make long sentences graceful and flexible, perhaps, but they are apt to be obscure. The reader finds it hard to remember how they began. On the other hand, a constant succession of short sentences is very uncomfortable—like a paper of tacks.

I don't like to see sentences begin with "And." I think such sentences are naturally a part of those that precede.

One of the most common errors is in the participial—for instance, you would never say, "Seeing you in the window, I stopped to call." You would say, "I saw you and stopped." Yet most writers have no hesitation in turning such phrases as the former half a dozen times to a page. It really is not English.

About swearing and coarseness, I can't say but that they may sometimes be necessary to express a character or scene. I might use them in such a case, but I think they can usually be avoided. You can convey the idea by suggestion. If you report conversation, you must make it true to life, and in the main must write it as it would be spoken. Bad grammar and a degree of roughness are not objectionable or offensive, but profanity and coarseness, I think, are. I have never found it necessary to put profanity in my own writing, and as I never have used swear-words myself, they are always unpleasant when I meet with them in what I read. I think our traditions are very good in respect to profanity and coarseness, and that they are right in demanding that our literature should be clean, especially our fiction.

Now, haven't you about all you want from me? I should think you had enough noted there to fill a book.

The Old Order Changeth

By William Clarke

In England a commanding figure has passed out of public life, and a new era has begun. I do not think American readers can quite understand what Mr. Gladstone's retirement means unless aided by the light that can be thrown by one who is at the center of things here in London. In a few brief sentences I should like to point out what this new departure means.

When the "Pall Mall Gazette" electrified London by announcing Mr. Gladstone's retirement, it was denounced by the whole London press, Conservative and Radical alike, for publishing false news in order to catch the public's pennies. But, although in detail the "Pall Mall" made some erroneous assertions, yet in substance it was right. Mr. Gladstone had then undoubtedly determined on resignation. The announcement, though scoffed at, produced a feeling of uneasiness which made the whole month of February a feverish and abnormal period in political circles. At the very end of the month the "Daily Chronicle" began to hint at retirement, returned to the subject with significant reiteration, finally announced it definitely, and declared that Lord Rosebery must and would be the new Liberal leader and Prime Minister.

Immediately feeling in Liberal and Radical circles began to be violently stirred, and all the signs of the great fissure which has been so long preparing began to manifest themselves. "Treachery, cabal, the old man has been betrayed!" was the cry of one section. "Rough on Sir William Harcourt, who has led the party with such energy in the House," was another cry. "The old man must keep on; we want neither Harcourt nor Rosebery," was still another very general sentiment. But above all things was heard the objection, "We don't want a peer to lead us." Inside the great political exchange of the party, the National Liberal Club, with its 7,000 members, this last feeling was all but unanimous. Indeed, I heard but one approval of the Rosebery nomination inside the walls of that Club. But there were four agencies at work which, in a time of crisis, are more effective than the sentiments of any number of clubmen. There was the influence of royalty, which still counts for something, and which made entirely for Lord Rosebery. There were the sentiments of the Cabinet, especially its illustrious old chief, some members threatening resignation if Sir William Harcourt were chosen. There was the assiduous work put in by a little knot of able and active young Liberal members of Parliament, all for Rosebery. And there was the press, which, for the first time, may be said to have almost made a Prime Minister.

Meanwhile the discontented swarmed together at the National Liberal Club under the lead of Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Storey, such few Irish Nationalist members as were in town getting together by themselves and declining to say much, though it was evident they did not like the way things were going. Of Mr. Labouchere, the principal leader of the malcontents, all the world knows. Intelligent, cynical, amusing, a man of the world equally at home in diplomacy, finance, and journalism, one of the most striking figures among our rather commonplace politicians, Mr. Labouchere is a confirmed democrat, a determined wrecker of the peerage, and he has absolutely refused to follow the lead of any peer. Mr. Storey is not so well known, but he is a power in North of England Liberalism. A wealthy newspaper proprietor and formerly engaged in a great newspaper syndicate with Mr. Andrew Carnegie, Mr. Storey has great influence in his own part of the country, where he is a sort of local leader, and where he has made Liberalism triumphant for years. If he really secedes, it will be a serious blow to the whole district where he lives. Mr. Storey is for the abolition of the House of Lords, and, for that matter, of the monarchy likewise, if it can be done. These are the leaders of what the Tory papers call the "Radical revolt," and they have with them some thirty to forty members of the House of Commons.

Now, it is very curious and significant to note the real dividing-line between the Liberal sections thus created. Upon the whole, and avoiding minor cross-currents and confusing complications, we may say that the new cleavage is between a kind of republicanism as understood in America and a kind of semi-imperialist, semi-democratic quasi-socialism. Messrs. Labouchere and Storey are known as "old Radicals"—*i. e.*, as men who would carry out republican principles as generally accepted in the United States. They dislike peerages, and they regard with suspicion, if not dislike, the new "social radicalism." On the other hand, Lord Rosebery's special friends (and I may say of positive knowledge that he is backed by Messrs. Asquith and Acland in the Cabinet), though expressing themselves against the House of Lords, really subordinate theoretical democracy to social reform. Sympathizing with both sentiments as I do, I must nevertheless admit at once that in this country mere theoretic republicanism is a feeble and decadent power as compared with socialistic radicalism. The very agitation against the House of Lords now in progress is not so much against a theoretically objectionable institution as against a body of men believed to be hostile to the popular demands for a better social life. If Lord Salisbury were endowed with the slightest modicum of good sense and right feeling, and had welcomed the measures which he and his party tried to mutilate, the House of Lords might have remained, if not exactly popular, at least unassailed and unassailable. It is not the satisfaction of *a priori* theories of government, but the improvement of material conditions and the bettering of the average man's lot, which is the heart and soul and aim of the popular movement in this country.

Therefore it is that, so far as I can observe, the hostile attitude of politicians towards the new régime in the Liberal party meets with little response outside. The average man in the street is not much excited, but he appears to be for Rosebery. He will attend a meeting in the evening against the House of Lords, and yell with applause

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when that permanent caucus of Toryism is attacked. And yet, on the other hand, he will vote for a member of this very body in the person of the new Premier, without being conscious of any inconsistency. With the inside House of Commons intrigues he has nothing to do; he is interested in the great bread and butter question, and he believes that Rosebery is interested in it, too. And Lord Rosebery has attained this position of commanding influence simply by doing what nearly every other Liberal leader was afraid of doing or opposed to doing—by professing to care for the interests of labor, by presiding over the London County Council, by attending meetings of workingmen, by declaring for the shortening of the hours of labor, and so forth. He is to a great number of people, despite the fact that he is an earl, the representative of social radicalism. I say that Lord Rosebery professes to care for labor; whether he does so or not we shall see, for the time of his trial is come. He may have been merely playing a very astute game, perceiving, as he does, the inevitable drift of things; and, of course, one naturally supposes that a politician is playing a game; that, in fact, that is what he is there for. And when one recalls the fact that Lord Rosebery is a sporting man, a stock exchange speculator, and a jingo-imperialist (or, at any rate, that he has been these things), one necessarily feels dubious, and requires ample proof of sincerity before one places confidence in him. But if he can prove himself of sterling metal, if he can resist certain insidious influences that surround him, he has a great opportunity before him of leading the new social development and of being the first Premier of the thoroughly modern type.

But at first he will have a rough time. If he backs down from his professed Radical position, the very men who have put him up will be compelled to pull him down. And if he brings in, on the other hand, a strong social programme, the Liberal manufacturing capitalists in the North of England will be in revolt, and will transfer themselves and their money to the Tory side. The Irish Nationalists, apart from Michael Davitt, who has already approved the Rosebery nomination as against Harcourt, are suspicious, knowing as they do that Lord Rosebery is a very lukewarm friend to the Home Rule cause. The Parnellites will probably be in direct opposition, thus bringing the Liberal majority in the House of Commons down to twenty-two. Under these circumstances, I regard the Rosebery Cabinet as merely a dissolution cabinet, and a general election as near at hand.

One's thoughts revert to-day to two men who must be suffering the keenest disappointment. Ten years ago, had any one asked who were the probable successors of Mr. Gladstone in the Liberal leadership, ninety-nine out of a hundred persons would have pointed to Joseph Chamberlain and John Morley. The former has wrecked a great position by the most deliberately suicidal policy that any English public man ever followed. He and Mr. Gladstone might easily have been reconciled, and have agreed on a Home Rule scheme; in fact, they did so agree. But Mr. Chamberlain's bitter spite, overweening vanity, and self-seeking destroyed him. He is ruled out of the Liberal party, and he can never be a Tory leader; his day, so far as one can see, is over, unless he chooses to occupy the humiliating position of playing second fiddle to Mr. Balfour. Mr. Morley has made shipwreck, too, though from a very different cause. Honest above most men, and unwilling to assent, for the sake of office, to theories in which he did not believe, Mr. Morley became hardened and confirmed in that unhappy individualism which he derived from absorption in the superficial French literature and philosophy of the last century. And he was too much a man of the closet to correct his narrow theories by intimate contact with the world. He opposed the new labor movement, and he has been broken by it; for, in the words of Scripture, on whomsoever that stone falls, it grinds him to powder. Mr. Morley is sadly sensible of the fact, and has for a long time been in a state of pensive melancholy, which has been intensified by indifferent health. How needful is it to keep one's self free from egotism and revengeful feelings on the one hand, and to keep up with the general trend of human thought and feeling on the other! Joseph Chamberlain has neglected the first, John Morley the second, course of conduct; and hence to-day both are forgotten when the question of the Liberal leadership is being settled.

London, England.

The Bluebird

By Clarence Hawks

Fair herald of the coming spring,
Who fearest not the northern snow,
The friendly fields begin to show:
O haste thy gayly painted wing!
I long to hear thee caroling
Upon the treetops, sweet and low;
For when I hear thy song I know
That soon the robin, too, will sing,
And all the leafy woods will ring
With springtime's well-remembered song;
That flowers will wake from slumber long
And raise their fragrant offering.
Didst know what joy thy song would bring,
Dear little harbinger of spring?

My Study Fire

The Poet's Corner

On dark days, when the fire sings its merry song in the teeth of sullen winds, the poet's corner is a place of refuge. There the great singers stand, row upon row, a silent but immortal choir; and the serene face of Emerson hangs on the little space of wall beside them. In the glorious company are those who sang the first notes in the earliest dawn of history, and those whose voices are just rising above the turmoil of to-day. What a vast movement of life have they set to music, and how many generations have they stirred to heroism or charmed into forgetfulness! There have been great teachers, but none so persuasive as these; there have been great leaders, but none so inspiring as these. I have often envied the Athenian boy sans grammar, sans arithmetic, sans reading-books, sans science primer; with no text-book but his Homer, but with Homer stored in his memory and locked in his heart. To be educated on the myths—those rich, deep interpretations of life—and upon the heroic history of one's race; to have constantly before the imagination, not isolated incidents and unrelated facts, but noble figures and splendid achievements; to breathe the atmosphere of a religion interwoven with the story of one's race, and to approach all this at the feet of a great poet—were ever children more fortunate? And when it comes to results, was ever educational system so fruitful as that which in the little city of Athens, in the brief period of a century and a half, produced a group of men whose superiority as soldiers, statesmen, poets, orators, architects, sculptors, and philosophers seems somehow to have been secured without effort, so perfectly is the spirit of their achievements expressed in the forms which they took on? The superiority of that training lay in its recognition of the imagination, and in its appeal, not to the intellect alone, but to the whole nature. We have great need of science, and science has been a grave and wise teacher, but the heart of life and the meaning of it belong to poetry; for poetry, as Wordsworth says, is "the impassioned expression which is in the face of all science." Science gives us the face, but poetry gives us the countenance—which is the soul irradiating its mask and revealing itself.

Upon all those who "cannot heare the Plannet-like Musick of Poetrie" Sir Philip Sidney, a poet in deed as in word, called down the direful curse, "in the behalfe of all Poets," "that while you live, you live in love, and never get favour for lacking skill of a Sonnet; and when you die, your memory die from the earth for want of an Epitaph." The

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range of that curse is more limited than appears at first sight, for while it is true that many of us have never listened to the children of the Muses, those of us are few who are not in some way poets. We call ourselves practical, and imagine, in our ignorance, that there is a certain superiority in thus separating ourselves from the idealists, the dreamers, the singers. But Nature is wiser than we, and suffers us to apply these belittling epithets to ourselves, but all the time keeps us in contact with the living streams of poetry. The instant our nobler instincts are appealed to, and we cease to be traffickers and become fathers, mothers, children, lovers, patriots, we become poets. To get away from poetry one must begin by emptying the universe of God; to rid life of poetry one must end by following the hint of the great pessimist and persuading men to commit universal suicide. While the days come to us with such radiancy of dawn, and depart from us with such splendor of eve; while flowers bloom, and birds sing, and winds sport with clouds; while mountains hold their sublime silence against the horizon, and the sea sings its endless monotone; while hope, faith, and love teach their great lessons, and win us to work, sacrifice, purity, and devotion—we shall be poets in spite of ourselves and whether we know it or not. There is no choice about the matter; there is a divine compulsion in it; we must be poets because we are immortal.

But there is a great difference between being or doing something by compulsion, and being or doing something by choice. They only get the joy of poetry who love it and make fellowship with it. The richest poetry must always be that which lies in one's soul, in its deep and silent communion with nature and with life; but this unuttered and, in a true sense, unutterable poetry, becomes more definite and available as a resource if we make intimate friends with the masters of poetical expression. Shakespeare saw more of life than falls to the lot of all save his greatest readers; perhaps no one has yet brought to his pages the same degree of force and veracity of insight which are to be found in them. To read Shakespeare, therefore, is, for the greatest no less than for the least, a resource of the noblest kind; it is an interpretation of life through the imagination; a disclosure of what lies in its depths, to be revealed only when those depths are stirred by the tempests of passion, or by some searching experience. A recent writer says that Shakespeare is to mankind at large what a man of perfect vision would be in a world of half-blind persons—people who saw nothing clearly or accurately. Shakespeare does not describe an imaginary race and a visionary world; he describes men as they are, and the world as it is; the sense of unreality in his work, if one has it, comes from one's own limitations of sight. In other words, it is not the so-called practical mind which sees things as they are, but the mind of imaginative force and poetic insight. We move about in a world half realized, full of dim figures, vague outlines, hazy vistas; Shakespeare lived in a world which lay in clear light, and which he searched through and through with those marvelous glances of his. Who has read English history with such an eye as the greatest of English poets? Hume recites the facts about Henry V. in an orderly and careful manner, but Shakespeare looks into the soul of the robust and virile king, and makes us see, not the trappings and insignia of power, but the interior source of that authority which flung the English yeomen like a foaming wave over the walls of Harfleur. The diamond is none the less in the quartz because we fail to see it, and the heroic and tragic possibilities are not lacking in hosts of human lives which seem entirely commonplace to most of us. That which makes some ages so much more inspiring and productive than others is not so much a difference in the material at hand as in the skill and power with which the possibilities of that material are discerned and turned to account; men do not differ so much in the possession of opportunities as in the clearness of sight to discern them and the force to make the most of them. This world can never be commonplace save to the dull and unseeing; and life can never be devoid of tragic interest save to those who fail to recognize the elements at work in every community and in every individual soul.

The men of poetic mind have many gifts, but none so rare and of such moment to their fellows as this clearness of vision. To really see clearly into the soul of things is one of the rarest of gifts, and it is the characteristic gift of the poetic imagination. That second harvest of which Emerson speaks is reaped only by the sickle of the imagination; to the common vision it does not even exist. This round world is distinctly visible to the dullest mind; but to such a mind the beauty, wonder, and mystery in which its secret lies hidden are as if they were not. Men walk through life almost without consciousness of the daily miracle performed under their eyes; they become so familiar with their surroundings that they lose the sense of awe and wonder which flows from the clear perception of the fathomless sea of force in which all things are borne onward. One may drop his plummet in the nearest pool, and, behold, it also is fathomless. Every path leads into the presence of that infinite power to which we give different names, but which is the one great and eternal reality behind these apparitions of to-day. Now, of this unseen but sublime presence the imagination keeps us continually conscious; and the great poetic minds, in prose and verse—in Plato's "Dialogues" and in Dante's "Divine Comedy"—fulfill their highest office in seeing and compelling us to see the spirit behind the form, the soul within the body. In the records which the imagination has kept in the art of the world are written the true story of the soul of man, the authentic history of his life on earth. And the charm of this revelation lies in its freshness, its variety, and its beauty. It does not preserve the past after the manner of the historians by pressing it like dried and faded flowers between the leaves of massive quartos; it preserves the very vitality which flowered centuries ago. The one supreme quality by which it lives is its marvelous life—that life which keeps Ulysses still sailing the ancient seas and Romeo still young and beautiful with the passion that, in spite of its own short life, is the evidence of immortality.

H. W. M.

President Tucker's Lowell Lectures

By Julius H. Ward

Those who have watched the intellectual and religious development of Dr. W. J. Tucker since he has been an Andover professor have been deeply interested in his use of the opportunity of expressing his mature convictions on "The Influence of Religion To-Day," which was the subject of his Lowell Institute Lectures. It has been felt by many that he was specially qualified, by his keen intuition and comprehensive sense of the movements of social and religious thought, to give a course of lectures that would be of the first importance, and it is truth to say that the expectations of the public have not been disappointed. They have attracted large audiences and held them, and a large proportion of the most thoughtful and influential people in Boston and its suburbs have been his constant audience. His method as a lecturer is close to perfection. He is never hurried, never slow, does not raise his voice unduly, but pitches it so that he is readily heard, and his matter is so presented that one easily catches his thought and understands it. His style is simple and direct, making impression rather by weight of utterance than by brilliancy of rhetoric. The way in which he has held attention to closely reasoned and almost severe discussions of religious truth is something remarkable. He has the ability to interest a popular audience in religious discussion, and, while his lectures have not avoided sharp corners and burning issues, they have been so presented that nobody could be aggrieved by unwise statements, and no one could make up the lecturer's creed by what he said. This is reaching the acme of a very high style of religious discussion before a popular audience, and it is this note of distinction that President Tucker has reached

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in these discourses. The hope has been many times expressed, while they have been going on, that they might be published; and if he should consent to give them to the public, they will be found one of the most suggestive discussions of the situation of present religion that has been made in our own day.

The aim of President Tucker in these lectures has been, not to discuss organized religion and ecclesiasticism, but to recognize the religious spirit wherever it exists, and to show by significant illustrations in what direction religious thought is moving and working in our own time. It has been notable, as these lectures have proceeded, how skillfully Dr. Tucker has unloaded theological baggage and got down to the real point of things. It would have been difficult to say much in eight lectures unless he had done so. He escaped at once from the environment of formal religion by taking a certain point of view. This will be perhaps best seen by a summary of the titles of the lectures in succession. The first was on the direction of spiritual influence to-day; the second was on religion as it expresses itself through the enthusiasm of humanity; the third took up religion as the reformer of theology, passing beyond its organized forms; the fourth traced the development and bearings of agnosticism; the fifth traced the growth and the bearings of secularism; the sixth took up the present significance of religious toleration; the seventh treated of the reciprocity of religions, and showed the mutual influence of the diverse minds and races now coming into religious contact; and the eighth treated of religious unity as waiting the coming of the full conception of the kingdom of God. The line of thought followed was rather suggestive than exhaustive in its form of presentation. There was no room for argument, and Dr. Tucker usually states his conclusions with such reasonableness that they do not require argument. He was dealing with a subject familiar, for the most part, to his audience, and the suggestive form of instruction was the one best adapted for his purpose.

In the first lecture Dr. Tucker stepped at once out of the beaten track to make discriminations. Religion to-day has taken steps toward freedom, and has escaped to some extent from authority. It makes its appeal to the imagination as well as to the conscience, and, through freedom, it is acquiring new forms of expression. It is using the power of fellowship as a means of spiritual influence, and it is moving away from formalism into a larger consciousness of the collective life. In asking whether the Church is to-day living up to the requirements of its founder, Dr. Tucker noted that the power to idealize Christianity carries with it the power to interpret it, and that this contact had been realized in the foreign missionary idea and in the spirit of consecration which the Church is showing on the part of its younger life; but he found fault with our organized Christianity because it is not sympathetic enough toward humanity. It does not put itself in the place of humanity and bear its burdens as it ought. In his third lecture he brought out the relations between religion and theology, and made a skillful and happy explanation of the defection of the Unitarians from the Puritans as an illustration of his subject. Here, also, he made liberal and just recognition of the immanence of God, the new treatment of the Scriptures, and the sense of the unity of the race as the subject of the work of redemption. Here he trod wisely on burning questions. The next two lectures dealt with agnosticism from a sympathetic point of view, and recognized that it was less opposition to Christianity than a desire to see the truth under immediate and direct intuitions. In the treatment of secularism, which Dr. Tucker traced to the growth of the industrial spirit and the neglect of the Church, he showed how, particularly in England, this movement had become formidable to religion, and yet was reaching a point where it might yet prove to have within itself the force of a new religious movement. It was characteristic of both of these lectures that they treated these outside forms of alienated religion sympathetically.

The last three lectures took a new turn. They left the beaten track and discussed the religious position in the largest way possible. In insisting upon the growth of religious toleration, Dr. Tucker was careful to distinguish it from religious indifference, and he pointed out that the trust of the truth lies in the willingness and the ability to recognize it in new forms, and that to tolerate error for the sake of the truth that is in it is one of the highest signs of the times. Toleration could never be maintained if it were in any sense allowed to be the denial of religion. The seventh lecture took up the reciprocity of religion, and showed that from the growth of missionary work, and its adjustment to the fields where it is carried on, there had arisen between the false creeds and Christianity a respect for one another which had opened the way for a better understanding on both sides. The recent Parliament of Religions was quoted as an illustration of this growing reciprocity. The question now before the missionary world is the value of the religions with which Christianity has to deal; and, in the larger light in which religion is to be considered, the strong point is that Christianity not only conquers races but masters them. It has the persistency of type, and it holds its own and more. The last subject was treated with special fullness and force, and presented the conception of the kingdom of God which is framed in the religion of to-day. The power of religion to-day is personal, and the Church works chiefly through personality. Dr. Tucker's object in this lecture was to state the conditions on which the kingdom of God depends at the present time. He noted three gains which have been reached in our own day—the real sense of the continuity of life, the conception of the order of the world and of progress, and the offensiveness of the actual world in the form of worldliness. The reaction from this among religious people is either to retreat to other-worldliness or to rise into the spiritual conception of this world. This means several things. It makes what some have regarded as ends in themselves, like the Church or the State, a means, not an end. It does away also with the artificial distinction between things sacred and secular. It makes religion the motive of all changes in the reconstruction of society. It leaves religious work in and through the individual untouched, but changes the direction which it takes. The two permanent factors in the regeneration of the world are a personal sense of sin and the personal hope of immortality. These were the chief points in this closing lecture, in which there was no discussion of Christian unity, except as Dr. Tucker laid the basis for it in the conception of the Church not as a finality in itself, but as a means to an end. He showed that the present conception of the kingdom of God has reached a realization in our own day which has touched fundamental principles in human life, and that its scope is immensely broader than most persons have been willing to acknowledge.

These lectures have expressly avoided the treatment of organized religion. Dr. Tucker has been intent chiefly upon laying hold of the religious spirit of our time, to find out where it is at work, what it is doing, and how it is making contact with the life about us. The interest which the lectures have awakened shows that Dr. Tucker possesses rare qualifications for the treatment of the larger religious problems of our time; and if he should be appointed a second time to a Lowell lectureship, and could take up the practical application of the principles which he has now laid down to the movements of our own time, it would be possible for him to make one of the most attractive and instructive courses of lectures that the Lowell Institute has ever had. His work this season has been of the first order, and he has raised the ideal of what popular lectures on religion to cultivated people ought to be.

The best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.—*Rev. Dr. John Hall.*

Our safety is in having lofty ideals, and in constant labor to secure their realization. Let the getting of money be a man's ideal, and he will of necessity grow toward the dust.—*Joseph Parker.*

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The Spectator

A famous Englishman has recently said, in print, that the reason why the favored inhabitant of the British Isles continues to regard Americans, *en masse*, with contempt, is because he cannot forget that America was once a colony, and all colonists are regarded with a certain condescension in the mother country. Be that as it may, no American has visited the old home without some experience of an atmosphere of patronage which is likely to rouse all the battle-blood in his veins because of its injustice. On a recent trip across seas on a Scotch steamer, the Spectator experienced his position among nationalities with peculiar force. Among the few hundred passengers, there were barely a half-dozen of pure American lineage, and these were not of the better sort. Of the numerous representatives of England and Scotland, a half-dozen were professional men, whose favorite diversion consisted in heated arguments in which a comparison of nationalities occupied a prominent place; and on those occasions when a truce was declared between these, America invariably became the subject for derogatory criticism by the lords of the snug little island. On these occasions the Spectator felt compelled to quit his occupation as an onlooker, and to-day, in his quiet study, often smiles with wonderment at the excited condition of his mind after one of these intellectual bouts.

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Among the passengers was a young Scotch clergyman from a certain university town, whose voice was very pleasant to himself, and who took frequent opportunity to attack the laws, customs, and manners of America in the Spectator's presence. Measuring the Scotchman's intellectual powers by a very tepid and easily forgotten sermon preached in the saloon, the Spectator felt himself on solid ground, so to speak, and rather courted than avoided the attacks, hoping to do missionary work. "General intelligence," airily remarked the Scotch oracle on one occasion, "is decidedly lacking in America. Of course you have your educated men, though most of them find it necessary to come to Oxford or Cambridge to complete a course with thoroughness; but take the ordinary men and women that one meets. Why, I went the entire length of Broadway, in your largest city, trying to find a copy of Bailey's 'Festus,' and not only was the search fruitless, but not a salesman in any of your large bookshops had so much as heard the name." The Spectator, while steadfastly doubting the assertion, despite the clerical cut of the asserter's garments, mildly suggested several well-known houses in which an unusual degree of intelligence characterizes the attending salesmen, and in which he had frequently made successful delving for recondite matters, and also named a mammoth book-store which imports books from every part of the world; but no, the Scotchman insisted that these places had been hopeless dungeons so far as any light could be thrown on the "Festus."

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"You have no really intellectual circles in America," continued the clerical man, while the Spectator was folding his hands in a tight grip lest he should be tempted to toss the prevaricator to the whales and icebergs. "Oh, I know what you are going to say! All Americans say the same thing, but I have given more than 'a superficial glance' at your country; in fact," triumphantly, "I have spent five months in your largest city." Inquiry developed the fact that three of these months had been passed on a sick-bed, where he had been most kindly cared for by his despised entertainers. "And I had letters to some of your best people. I suppose you will hardly feel like denying that the X Club includes the first men of the city in its list of members." He named a well-known organization of wealthy, ultra-fashionable young men whose names are always seen among the guests at particularly distinguished society affairs in the metropolis. "My letters procured me an introduction at this club, and, I repeat it, your best society in America cannot compare in intelligence and intellectual ability with that of England and Scotland."

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The Spectator ventured to inquire of the perturbed foreigner whether he had met certain professors and presidents of colleges in and about the city; certain physicians not unknown in London and Paris; a novelist or two, a renowned editor, and two or three clergymen of fame and power. No, the clerical man had met none of these, but he had met all the men worth meeting in the X Club. Had he visited Boston and Cambridge, New Haven and Baltimore, and studied the institutions of learning, perhaps not to be compared with the richly endowed universities of the Old Country and their records of centuries, but nevertheless strong, vigorous, and ably administered? No, he had seen none of these.

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Still further, begging pardon if he seemed to push the discussion beyond the bounds of courtesy, the Spectator ventured to ask with what circles in Great Britain the visitor had compared the society to be found in the X Club, and brought out the confession that the Scotchman's knowledge of the social circles of Great Britain had not gone beyond the highly esteemed but necessarily somewhat provincial university town in which he had been born and reared, and from which he was now absent for a protracted period for the first time. "Pardon me," said the Spectator, with the graciousness of a man who sees the end of the argument in his favor close at hand, "but has it never occurred to you that comparisons should be made between objects of the same class? From the scholarly circles of your university town select your twelve best men, and match them with an equal number of young Londoners whose devotion to fashionable eccentricities is the subject of ridicule in the London papers. Certainly your men would have the advantage in such a comparison, if mental ability and development be the test. Will you, therefore, conclude that the society of Scotland is superior to that of London? It has often occurred to me that less injustice would be shown, and a much fairer estimate be received, by travelers on both sides of the Atlantic, if we would remember to draw comparisons with discernment. You have compared the best men that you find in the scholarly circles of a small university town, not with the same class in America, but with an entirely different class. No honest American is afraid to trust the conclusions of a right-minded foreigner, but the pity of it is that so few of that sort take the time to discover what the best, or at least the most intellectual, society of America really is. We have great wealth and vast material resources, and it is of these that the average foreign visitor is thinking when he comes to us. Many visitors draw their conclusions concerning American society from the people met at hotels and restaurants, forgetting that, while we are proud of the intelligence of the masses, and quite willing to compare them with any similar body on the face of the earth (referring, of course, to Americans), yet the society which has had leisure and taste for cultivating the intellect, the society which reveals the best of which Americans are capable in the intellectual field, is not seen by the superficial visitor. Were I to judge of the brain-capacity and intelligence of the entire British nation by those of the boy who invariably hands me coffee, in the dining-saloon, when I ask for tea, or of that one who invariably answers the wrong bell, you might justly condemn the justice of my conclusions; but is not that about the method of your visiting countrymen?"

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"Again," the Spectator remarked, "America in her youth is solving a problem of whose difficulty and complexity the older nations have faint conception. Should your good Queen chance to miss some thousands of her subjects any fine day, let her send for the records of our prisons, penitentiaries, houses of correction, orphanages, homes for the destitute, and she will there find many of her missing thousands. Could the large expenditures of the country for the correction, punishment, and protection of immigrants be devoted to the endowment of schools and universities, believe me, my good sir, America's intellectual development would quickly astonish the nations. Something must be wrong when a sovereign so signally fails to make her dominions a desirable home for her own people. We welcome good citizens, from every country, most cordially; but stop a moment and consider of what tremendous burdens we are relieving you before you put the finishing touches to these comparisons, which doubtless you intend to disseminate for the enlightenment of your countrymen who have never visited America."

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The Home

A Factor in Morals

Not only is the surgeon the artist making straight that which was physically crooked, but it is only a question of time when the surgeon will be called upon to make straight that which we have been apt to think was a crookedness of spirit. Physicians have clearly proved the relation between the stomach and morals, and the liver and theological views. Now the surgeon steps in and shows the limitation which the physical imposes on the mental. Ears are unstopped, eyes are unclosed, the range of vision increased, and it is only recently that operations on the brain have released the vocal chords, have cured disease that promised insanity. Prophets see the day when one of the aids to morals will be the surgeon's knife. Brain-surgery is in its infancy. It is quite logical, in view of the marvelous results wrought in this field, to suppose that at some future day a mother will call the surgeon to her aid in the moral development of her children. She will not struggle for years with their moral delinquencies; she will take her child to the brain specialist and say: "Doctor, I find that Johnny has a tendency to purloin; he is also given to misleading his brothers and sisters where it is to his advantage. I do not want him to be that kind of a man;" or, "Doctor, I find that Alice has a tendency to exaggerate; it is difficult for her to stick to facts. I am sorry to admit it, Doctor, but, unless something is done, Alice will be a liar." The doctor does not hesitate. Each tendency indicates the pressure on a particular spot in the brain which affects a particular set of nerves. The offending part is removed; both children become models of truth and integrity. With the surgeon as the æsthetic and moral aid to regeneration, we shall soon develop a perfect race of human beings. Health, we are learning, is a matter of food and sanitation, and morals largely a matter of brain-formation: why, if a man's orthodoxy is a question of his liver, and his temper a matter of his nerves, why is it not true that his morals are, to a degree at least, a question of the formation of his brain? Will not this view of the subject make us more just in our relations to each other, and infinitely more just in our relations to the criminal? We will not leave him to the mercy of a politician, but put him in charge of a scientist who knows his mental deformity and will treat him for his disease.

Morals and æsthetics are closely related. Are we not cultivating our tempers, that the proper lines may be written by Time? Are we not, on all sides, hearing of the necessity of healthful living as an aid to beauty? Now, when much of the evil is a question of brain-matter and its proper distribution, is it not true that surgical science is of vital importance to human perfection, to the elimination of moral disease?

The Boston "Journal" gives the following account of a dinner given in Danvers, Mass., 1714:

After ye blessing was craved by Mr. Garrich of Wrentham, word came that ye buck was shot on ye Lord's Day by Pequot, an Indian, who came to Mr. Epes' with a lye in his mouth like Ananias of old. Ye council, therefore, refused to eat ye venison; but it was afterwards decided that Pequot should receive forty stripes save one, for lying and profaning ye Lord's Day, restore Mr. Epes ye cost of ye deer, and, considering this a just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen, and that a blessing had been craved on ye meat, ye council all partook of it but Mr. Shepard, whose conscience was tender on ye point of ye venison.

The Place of Women in Municipal Reform

By Mary E. Mumford

What is the city but the larger house in which we dwell, in which, under wise control, each member must so live as to contribute to the general welfare? Good city government is good housekeeping, and that is the sum of the matter. The experiences of the woman's narrow sphere are the same on the wider plane. If she follows her broom into the street, she is confronted with a problem upon which she has been at work for centuries, and she has well learned the principle that the prime condition for the remedy of dirt and all uncleanliness is first to *see* the same. No doubt all will agree that the peculiar sensitiveness to dirt and disorder which is hers by native instinct and long training should be brought to bear upon every part of a great city. She should be an active ally of the street-cleaning department, and every district might have a woman supervisor with authority to insist that stray papers shall not lie on the pavements, that back alleys shall not be strewn with garbage, that unwholesome odors shall be traced to their source, and nuisances abated. I know answer will be made that this is, in part at least, the function of the police force; and no doubt they have honest intention to carry out the orders given them, but, as they are men, these are duties for which they have no aptness or liking, and many of them, I am afraid, if called to account, would retort in the spirit of the boy who said his "grandmother made a fuss about a grease-spot if it wasn't any bigger than your hat."

The beginnings of woman's city housekeeping have already been made in several large towns under the name of Women's Health Protective Associations. To read the reports of what they have done inspires one like the history of the old crusades. These voluntary organizations have taken in hand investigations into school hygiene, tenement-houses, sanitary inspection of stores, condition of streets and cars, offenses of gas-houses, slaughter-houses, disposition of stable refuse, garbage, etc. They have made themselves wholesomely respected and feared by men who had defied the orders of the law and the petitions of the people. I am not prepared to say whether this agency should be officially attached to the city government, but it should certainly be a permanently organized force employed for the civic good.

Now, our municipal home once cleaned, we may begin to beautify it, in which work the woman would, by natural right, have an important share. Art commissions of men and women should look after the adornment of the city, make parks and open spaces, secure good pictures and ornaments for public schools, encourage a better architecture, and prevent the imposition on an unsuspecting public of monstrosities in painting and sculpture.

It goes without saying that women should have large share in the control of school affairs. It is as the mother, as the natural educator of the child, that it is not only her right but her bounden duty to follow her little ones into the school-room and know every detail of their training there. No reasonable person would deny this. The people have over and over again expressed their approval by making women eligible to school boards and giving them the vote for school commissioners. Yet they have little to do with control of education. The reason for this I find in the fact that, with a few very honorable exceptions, in every large town or city the sacred function of education has been made the football of politicians. It seems as if we are sometimes willfully blind in refusing to see that education is a science which cannot be administered by Tom, Dick, and Harry with any expectation of proper development. We are throwing our money away, which is serious enough; but, worse than that, we are throwing the precious time of our children away, and robbing them of the proper preparation for life. A board of lawyers might as well attempt to give medicine to a suffering community, as a board of chance citizens expect wisely to direct the great interests of education. It is the most important science in

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the world, and the most undeveloped and complex. Only experts should dare administer it, and they may well enter upon such a solemn responsibility with reverent fear. The men and women on school boards should be of the highest character, and remain long enough in office to make a conscientious study of the great problems offered for their solution. Only women can give the time required for such work; but the politician has pre-empted the school board, and he takes excellent care that no element so useless to him as an independent, single-minded woman shall find a place thereon. He holds the fort with such ability that, after a struggle of many years, the women school directors in all the cities of the Union could probably be counted on the ten fingers. Boston, which has been called the most highly civilized city of the continent, has four women in a committee of twenty-four. Chicago and New York have had a small representation, but I believe the latter has now shelved all the female members of its School Board. Philadelphia has two women in a board of thirty-seven, and among the four hundred and fifty local directors elected by the people but one is a woman.

There is another phase of city life which calls loudly for the help of the gentler side. It is in the ministry to the low and the degraded, in which department of civic government there is heroic work to do. With the new attrition among women there has arisen a new sense of sisterhood and a deeper feeling of responsibility among the more fortunate for those of their own sex who are in the dire struggle with poverty, degradation, and crime. The day has not come yet, but, believe me, it is not far distant, when woman will ask that the care and reformation of her unfortunate sister shall be placed wholly in her own hands. It is being forced upon her attention that here lie problems with which, with all their wisdom and good intention, men have not the power to deal.

The first step to this end was taken when the women in various cities demanded the appointment of police matrons, who should care for women and children brought temporarily to the station-houses. The Chief of the Department of Public Safety of Pittsburg reports: "To the matron is assigned the duty of making personal examination, of searching female prisoners—duties heretofore necessarily performed by the sergeants or police officers, but which, from motives of modesty, generally met with resistance upon the part of the prisoner. With the advent of the matron such methods have been changed, and better results obtained in a peaceable and dignified manner. In many cases the matron has succeeded in finding the female prisoners places of employment; others were placed in homes or charitable institutions. The intercession of the matrons with the magistrates has been beneficial, mitigating what would otherwise have been a hard and cruel sentence." A letter written recently by a citizen of New York, a considerable authority in social questions, says of police matrons: "We have ten in the city, and they are now an established fact. They were appointed at the persistent agitation of well-known ladies, whose view of the matter was, of course, to a large extent based on sentiment." He goes on to say that, though the police are not very favorable to the movement, he thinks the gain to the cause of humanity more than justifies the expenditure. I quote him here to emphasize his remark, made a little slightingly, perhaps, that the demand of these ladies was "to a large extent based on sentiment." He says the truth. It is this quality which woman would bring to the affairs of government—a quality which public administration sadly needs. For why this government? Not simply for clean streets, to avoid the cholera, and to punish crime. In the lesser household of the home, in the larger household of the city, the aim is the same—to work out the highest good to all concerned, the advancement of humanity.

The constant tendency of man is to build a machine to do his work for him. The woman force is not of this kind. It is ever individual, ever sympathetic, and, in good works, originative. If woman comes into your counsels, it will be as the silent force opposed to the machine—the machine in contracts, the machine in politics, the machine in education, the machine in charity. She will disturb your set routine and your cast-iron law. She will work for ideals; they may seem to you chimeras, but in the end you will approve them.

But woman has proved herself, even from your point of view, thoroughly practical, executive, and, in administration, economical. Nearly one hundred charities and societies in Philadelphia are managed by women alone; woman's work in the World's Fair has shown the world that she can handle large interests with genuine business ability, a fact attested in all our large cities in the work done by Women's Christian Associations and other important enterprises.

In this paper I have confined myself to but one view of this question—woman as the home-maker, and, through that function, her relation to municipal government. I do not forget that she has material interests at stake, that she is a very large property-holder in every city in the land; nor am I unaware that municipal suffrage is slowly creeping across the country from the plains of the West, and that it will, for good or for evil, soon be in our hands. It will not find us unprepared, for intelligent women are everywhere studying civics and the social problems of the day.

Another Hint from the West

Every year the sentiment of American housekeepers grows stronger in favor of the desirability of eliminating the laundry-work from the housekeeping routine. It compels discomfort and disorganization in every home not provided with a regular laundry and laundress. To the house of one servant it means positive discomfort. The mistress must perform the servant's ordinary work, or it must go undone; the home is the menial of the wash-board, suds, and irons; dinners are the remains of yesterday; and the whole routine of the home is broken because of the importance of this department of the household service. When the laundry-work is done outside the home, the one or two maids can be held to higher standards, the work can be arranged with much surer feeling that injustice is not being done. Two days of heavy work leaves hardly any but the strongest women in condition to take up another day's work of sweeping and cleaning with enthusiasm.

The past winter ought to show the possibility to housekeepers of combining to secure co-operation that would improve the conditions of housekeeping in America. In Indianapolis the laundry-girls have formed a co-operative company, and are meeting with success. Why could not housekeepers form a co-operative laundry association, and secure the relief, the freedom, which this would give?

It would be worth the attention of a church with a large mission field, which implies a demand more or less urgent for charity or its equivalent in wages, to start a laundry that would employ its unemployed, and furnish wages that would make charity unnecessary. The stockholders should be those who would agree to furnish work. The aged could earn at least a part of their support by selling such service as they could to the laundry. The workers could be encouraged to become stockholders, and the untrained woman of executive ability, who is now the problem of a half-dozen rich members, could find a field for her unemployed talent.

Prices in laundries are beyond the reach of limited means; the work could be done and living wages earned if the prices were less per dozen, and care in the work were guaranteed. It is not refreshing to have one's clothes returned by the outside laundress smelling of the week's dinners of the apartment in which they have been washed, ironed, and aired; with the concentrated essence of cheap tobacco in every fold.

Laundry-work and family baking will be taken out of the homes in America when American housekeepers combine to secure the least friction and annoyance for the money expended.

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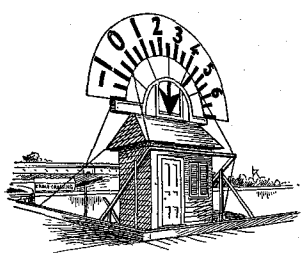
The Friendship Fund

The money contributed to this fund and not used by May 1 will be applied to the Working-Girls' Vacation Fund. We hope that Cherry Vale will be open and in complete running order at that date. Many girls who have been unemployed all winter, or who have been employed and have for that reason borne the burden of the support of their families because they were the only ones in the family that were working, will need a few days' outing to enable them to work for the summer season. This year only a few of the working-girls will be able to bear the whole of the expenses of their vacation. Many who have always paid their expenses will not be able to do so this year. Those who will need a vacation most are girls whose wages and period of employment are always uncertain. This year this class have nearly all been without any employment, and this means that they have not been nourished or clothed as they should be to keep up the vitality that will enable them to work when the work comes. A widow who has walked the streets of New York for eight hours in a day looking for work has now found it, but she is so worn out that she cannot work all day. With tearful eyes she said to the writer last week, "When I was well I could not get work; now I'm sick I can get work, but cannot do it." Food and care must be given her to enable her to work. She is the type of hundreds

Previously acknowledged	$960 75
B., Brunswick, Me.	10 00
From a Friend, Hartford, Conn.	1 00
An Outlook Reader	2 00
S. F., Brooklyn	2 00
M. L. S., Morristown, N. J.	8 00
From a Friend, College Hill, O.	2 00
An Easter Offering	3 00
H. C. M.	2 00
Members of the Priscilla Braislin School, Bordentown, N. J.	67 54
Golden Rule Circle, King's Daughters, Douglass, Kan.	3 00
Easter Offering from a Friend	5 00
Total	$1,066 29

A Water-Clock

Every boy who has ever rowed on a small body of water with which he was not at all familiar knows what it is to run on a sand-bar or on a rock or on a tree-stump. Now, the captain of every vessel knows, when he is accustomed to going up and down, or rather going through, the same water frequently, just where the sand-bars are, just where the rocks are, and he keeps his vessel away from them just as the small boy, when he has once run on a rock or a stump or a sand-bar in rowing down the creek, remembers that particular place and exercises every care to avoid repeating his first experience.



The harbor of New York has a sand-bar which it is impossible for vessels of certain draft to cross except at high tide. At Fort Hamilton, in New York Harbor, there has been erected by the Government a small building like that in the picture. The half-disc on the top bearing the figures is the tide-indicator. The long black marks represent feet, the short marks half-feet. A pointer, similar to a hand on the face of a clock, moves to the right when the tide is rising and to the left when the tide is falling. These figures and lines are so large that they can be seen distinctly through a field-glass at a very long range. Now, it would be impossible for the captain of the vessel, or the one navigating it, to tell, just by glancing at the dial, whether the tide was rising or falling, and it might be very important for him to know this. If he were going to cross the bar, he would know how long it would take him to reach the bar, but if he did not know the exact condition of the tide he might make a mistake and attempt to cross the bar when there was not water enough, or he might be more comfortably anchored nearer New York than the bar. The little arrow immediately over the roof tells the captain whether it is rising or falling tide: when it points down, the tide is falling; when it points up, the tide is rising. The captain knows at once the exact condition of the tide, and whether he can reach the bar and cross on time. It is four feet high and rising if the hand points to the figure 4 and the arrow points up; it is four feet high and falling if the arrow points down. The machinery that moves the hand on the dial and the arrow is very simple—an arrangement of pulleys and ropes. It would not do to have the float on which this house is built subject to the ripple of every passing wave, so the house is built on a float that lies in an outer box into which the water enters through small holes, so that it is the actual rising or falling of the tide that is indicated on the dial, and not that motion of the water which is produced by the wind.

We have all seen the maps that are issued by the Government which indicate the movements of the tide; the Government issues tide-tables that tell at what hour it is high or low tide in all the harbors on the Eastern and Western coasts. But there are many things that affect the tides. The wind is one thing that affects the tide very greatly. As an indication of how great is the difference in the tides in New York Harbor, the actual rise and fall of the tide is four feet six inches, but the tide has risen seven feet six inches above mean low-water mark. Northwest winds will drive the water into the bay, causing the water to remain at high tide for a long time; a northeast gale will blow the water out of the bay, and we will have very low tides. On the 29th of January there was a northeast gale. The result was that the tide in New York Harbor did not fall to mean low-water mark, but remained three feet above that mark; and at high tide, or flood, it rose one foot and a half above mean high-tide water, which is four feet six inches. The next tide fell to mean low water mark, and on the rise of the next tide the water scarcely rose above that mark. The very next tide it fell two feet below mean low water. Now, the tide-tables issued by the Government stated that that day high water at Governor's Island was at 3:12 P.M. The facts are that at that hour on that day the tide was two inches above low-water mark. That proves to us the value of a tide-indicator.

Some Facts About Flags

By Gustav Kobbé

There never was a more disastrous retreat than that of Napoleon's army from Moscow. Yet there were but few French "colors" among the spoils gathered by the Russians on the steppes where "General Winter," as one of the Czars grimly called the icy blasts which laid low the French veterans of many campaigns, spared a mere remnant of the great army. For the color-guards were most touchingly faithful to their sacred trusts. When these men, who had faced unflinchingly many a storm of bullets, saw death by cold and hunger staring them in the face, they tore the colors from the staffs, made a fire with the latter, burned the colors, mixed the ashes with the water of melted snow, drank them, and lay down to die. Many a color-guard was found frozen stiff. But where were the colors? Saved from the enemy!

The colors are not merely so many yards of silk. They represent to a soldier what is noblest in his country's history and institutions. Their loss, under circumstances short of heroic, is an eternal disgrace to the regiment losing them. Only death can excuse the color-guard from defending them; and when the guard has been shot or cut down, others should be ready to stand by the flag. In the navy a vessel never strikes her colors except to acknowledge a defeat. For this reason, when, in that great sea-duel between Paul Jones's Bonhomme Richard and the English Serapis, which lasted far into the night, the ensign was shot away from the halliards, Lieutenant Staf-

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ford plunged into the sea after it, and, braving a double death—he was, in fact, wounded while swimming—saved it and set it again; and it was the Serapis which finally struck. The Cumberland went down in Hampton Roads with colors flying; and when recently the old Kearsarge, which sent the Alabama to the bottom, struck on Roncador Reef, in the Caribbean Sea, and her crew was obliged to take to the boats, the ensign was left fluttering in the breeze.

Next to our own flag, that of Great Britain interests us most. It is called the "union" flag because it is three flags in one. The flag of England is a red cross on a white field; that of Scotland, a white St. Andrew's cross on a blue field. These flags were combined when England and Scotland united in 1683; and on the union with Ireland, the Irish flag, a red St. Andrew's cross on a white field, was added. The union of the three countries is thus indicated on the "union." The St. George's cross of England remains as before, and is the central feature of the flag, dividing it into four quarters occupied by the St. Andrew's crosses, the white of Scotland and the red of Ireland, which are placed side by side.

Aboard a British war-ship the "union" is hoisted only when the Queen or an admiral is aboard. English ships sail under the British ensign, of which there are three kinds—white, blue, and red, each with the union in a square in the upper part of the hoist—that portion of the flag along the staff. The navy, and, by special permission, the Royal Yacht Club, sail under the white ensign, which has, besides the union, the red cross of St. George over the whole. The blue ensign is a privilege allowed to those merchant ships wnich are officered by members of the Naval Reserve, and one-third of whose crews belong to the Reserve. It is also flown by a few yacht clubs. The red is the merchantmen's ensign. Until 1864 the British naval fleet was divided into three squadrons, each in command of an admiral, who was known, by the color of his flag, as the "admiral of the blue," the "admiral of the red," and the "admiral of the white." This distinction was abolished because it was found puzzling in action, and was often eliminated. Trafalgar, for instance, was fought under the white ensign. The French and Spanish ships went into action without setting their colors, but were later obliged to hoist them, so as to be able to strike them.

In 1797 a fleet of British Indiamen escaped from a squadron of French war-ships by a clever ruse. The captain of one of the Indiamen hoisted Admiral Rainier's colors, and the French admiral (Sarcey), thinking he was in danger of attack from a far superior force of British war-ships, put about, and, crowding on all sail, made his escape from the harmless merchant fleet. When Lord Cochrane, with the little brig Speedy, attacked the big Spanish Gamo of thirty guns and three hundred men, the Speedy having but fourteen four-pounders and fifty-four men, the Englishman knew his only chance of success lay in boarding the Spaniard. During the mêlée on the Gamo's deck, Cochrane ordered one of his men to haul down the Spanish flag, and the Spaniards, seeing their colors come down, thought their commander had surrendered, and gave up the fight.

The royal standard of Great Britain is personal to the sovereign, and is used only by the sovereign, or for decoration on royal fête days. It is quartered, the first and fourth quarters being red, with three lions, and representing England; the second quarter yellow, with a red lion, for Scotland; and the third quarter blue, with a harp, for Ireland.

The history of the American flag is too familiar to need repetition. The stars, in number equal to that of the States—a star being added whenever a Territory is admitted to Statehood—form the union, the thirteen stripes representing the original States. Both National and regimental colors are used in the United States Army by each regiment (except cavalry, which has only a regimental standard), and by the Engineer Battalion—the National colors in various sizes. The garrison flag, the largest, is used only at important posts. It is twenty feet on the hoist, with a fly of thirty-six feet, the union being one-third the length of the fly, and in depth to the lower edge of the fourth red stripe. The ordinary post flag is smaller, and the storm flag smaller still. The regimental colors of the United States Infantry are of blue silk, and bear in the center the arms of the United States. Below the eagle is a red scroll, with the number and name of the regiment in white. The United States Artillery has scarlet regimental colors, with two cannon crossed in the center, with "U. S." in yellow above, and the regimental number below. The cavalry regimental standard is a beautiful seamless yellow silk, with a four-foot fly and three feet on the lance. The arms of the United States are in blue in the center, and beneath the eagle a red scroll bears the name and number of the regiment in yellow. The United States Engineers carry scarlet colors, bearing in the center a castle with "U. S." above and "Engineers" below, castle and lettering being in silver. Battles in which the regiments distinguished themselves were formerly listed on the colors and standards, but are now shown on the staffs. The National and regimental colors and standards are kept at the commanding officer's quarters, and are escorted to the color company or troop amid much ceremony, the escort being headed by the band. The color-guard are selected for their soldierly appearance and qualities—men who would rather die than surrender.

The flags of the United States Navy are made of American bunting thoroughly tested for strength, and soaked in salt water and dried in the sun for colors. There may be some hundred and sixty flags on a United States war-ship—say twenty-five foreign flags (according to the station on which she will cruise), twenty American ensigns, eleven pennants, four union-jacks, twelve rear-admiral's flags (if a flag-ship), twenty international signals, and the remainder signal and miscellaneous flags. Ensigns (stars and stripes, of course) run in eight sizes, from that used on vessels with very long spars, such as the new Brooklyn and Minneapolis will have, and which is nineteen feet on the hoist and thirty-six feet on the fly, to the little 2.37×4.50 foot boat-flag, too small to sport more than the original thirteen States in its union. The No. 1 union-jack is the 10.20×14.40 foot union of the No. 1 ensign, and the other jacks conform similarly to the unions of the corresponding ensigns. When a captain puts his ship into commission, he hoists, in addition to the ensign, a pennant. This has a fly of seventy feet, the union occupying 17.50, with thirteen stars. The admiral's and vice-admiral's flags of the United States Navy, when these ranks are filled, are blue, with four and three white stars respectively. It will be remembered from the Columbian naval review, when our fleet was divided into three squadrons, each in command of a rear-admiral, that we preserve the old English distinction of the blue, the red, and the white flag. The Secretary of the Navy flies a blue flag with four white stars, an anchor and cable, the Assistant Secretary reversing the colors. The President's flag is blue, with the arms of the United States, the eagle and stars white, the shield preserving the "tinctures."

The red and white-crossed flag of Denmark is the oldest existing national color, having been in use since 1219.

Only To-Day

Yesterday now is a part of forever,
  Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days, which never
  Shall visit us more with their bloom and their blight,
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,
  Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy forgive, receive them!
  Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

—*Susan Coolidge.*

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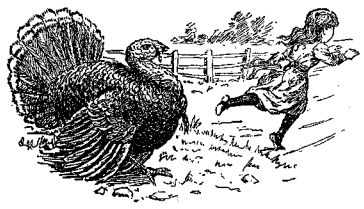
For the Little People

Told while Knitting the Mittens

Gobbler, the Turkey

The next day was Saturday. Johnny's brother and sister, Henry and Bessie, were out of school. After dinner Henry went to his father's office. Bessie and Johnny went



up together to Grandmother's room, where Grandmother was teaching Bessie to knit some mittens for herself. The yarn from which she was knitting them was of a beautiful blue color, and was also from Mopsey's wool. Grandmother was now at work upon Johnny's third mitten.

Bessie was ten years of age. She had golden hair, pretty dimples, and a pleasing and gentle disposition. Johnny was very fond indeed of his sister Bessie.

"Grandmother," said Johnny, after they were all comfortably seated, Bessie in a little rocker by Grandmother's side, and Johnny in the easy chair, "I should like to have you tell me about something more that lived on the farm."

"Well," said Grandmother, "there was Old Gobbler, the turkey."

"Oh, yes," said Bessie, laughing so that two deep dimples came in her cheeks, "I remember him. Grandmother, you must tell Johnny how afraid I was of Old Gobbler."

"It was when Bessie was six years old," said Grandmother. "She came to spend the summer with me on the farm. She was a timid little girl then, and not used to farm creatures. Old Gobbler was a great, noisy, fierce-looking turkey. I think he was the biggest turkey I ever saw. He was a great tyrant, too, to those who were afraid of him, and would bluster up to them with a tremendous noise, and act as if he was going to tear them in pieces. But he was only a silly coward, after all. The first time Bessie met Old Gobbler she did not think of being afraid of him. But when he stepped up toward her, with his great, unwieldy wobble, and ugly eyes, and fierce gobble, she disliked his looks and began to step back away from him. Then he came closer and gobbled louder. This scared Bessie, and she began to run. It was the worst thing she could do. The gobbler ran after her, and chased her quite around the house and up on the front steps. Bessie picked up a little stick to defend herself, but it was not large enough to frighten Old Gobbler. When she reached the top step she found the door was locked, and she could not get in. She began to scream with fear, and there I found her trying to keep Old Gobbler off with her little stick. The ugly old creature stood on the lower step gobbling his loudest, and seeming to enjoy her terror. Of course I whipped him away, but after that Bessie was afraid to go out-of-doors unless some grown-up person was with her. In fact, if Old Gobbler caught sight of her he would run toward her, and she would fly back into the house."

"Hoh!" said Johnny. "I don't believe I should have been afraid of him."

"I guess you would," said Bessie, "if he had looked as ugly at you as he did at me. I never shall forget how I felt when that great fierce-looking thing was facing me on the steps. I shouldn't have been more scared if it had been a lion."

"Well, it went on so for several days," said Grandmother, "and Bessie never went out without first making sure that Old Gobbler wasn't near. I tried to reason her out of it, and persuade her that he wasn't really dangerous, but she couldn't overcome the fear of him.

"Well, one day Grandpa came in and wanted to send Bessie over to a neighbor's house of an errand. Old Gobbler was out in the yard then, and Bessie looked to me for help. So I said to Grandpa:

"'Bessie's going out depends upon where Old Gobbler is.'

"'What!' said Grandpa, 'is Bessie afraid of Old Gobbler?'

"'Yes, Grandpa,' Bessie said. 'Old Gobbler chases me.'

"'Well, well,' said Grandpa. 'We'll soon cure him of that. Come out with me?'

"Bessie was a good deal afraid, but she took hold of Grandpa's hand and they went out into the yard. Old Gobbler turned his ugly eyes on her and began to edge toward her. Bessie trembled and clung closer to her grandfather.

"'Take a stick and go at him, Bessie,' said Grandpa. 'You can make him run.'

"Bessie picked up a little stick and shook it timidly at the turkey.

"'Oh, that will do no good,' said Grandpa. He turned to the wood-pile and pulled down a great, long, brushy stick, such as had been used to bush pea-vines with. It was about all Bessie could lift. The minute Old Gobbler saw that great brushy stick in her hands he lost all his bluster, turned like the coward that he was, and began to run. Bessie chased him out of the yard and clear up the road. When he ventured back, after a while, she took the brush and chased him away again. From that time she never had any more trouble with Old Gobbler. Whether she had a stick in her hand or not, he never offered to run after her. Old Gobbler lost all his terrors, and she had no more fear of him than of a chicken.

"You'll generally find it is the case," said Grandmother, "that the bigger tyrant and blusterer a person is, the greater coward he is at heart. Courage is a grand thing, and if you face the thing you are afraid of, you'll generally find it isn't so terrible after all.

"Though, of course," added Grandmother, "you can't always expect a little child to do it."

"Come in here, Bessie," called Uncle Frank from his studio. Bessie ran in, knowing he had something amusing to show her.

He had sketched two pictures while Grandmother was talking. One was a little girl running in fright from a monstrous turkey that was waddling after her with bill open and wings spread. The little girl's hair was streaming back in the wind, and both arms were thrown up in terror. Under this picture was the verse:

> Bessie feared the old gray gobbler,
> Clumsy creature, ugly wobbler!
> When he saw that he had scared her,
> How he chased her, how he dared her!

The other picture showed the little girl with a great brush in her hands, chasing the turkey, which was flying down the road in a cloud of dust. Under it was written:

> Grandpa with a bean-bush armed her,
> Gobbler never more alarmed her;
> Down the dusty road she raced him,
> How she scared him, how she chased him!

Grandmother, Bessie, and Johnny all laughed heartily over these pictures and verses. Bessie wanted to keep them, but Johnny begged so hard to place them with his other pictures that Bessie finally let him have them.

❀

Small Mathematicians

It was that most cruel and distressing occasion—an examination. The examiner was the principal, a rather severe-looking gentleman, who concealed his heart most successfully. "If," he began, in a very serious tone, "your mother gave you fifty cents and sent you to the store to buy six pounds of codfish at eight cents per pound, how much change would you take home?" The small boy to whom this question was put responded at once, "Not any!"

"Not any? Would the codfish cost fifty cents?"

"No, sir; forty-eight."

"Would there not be some change?"

"Yes, sir; two cents."

"What would you do with it?"

"Buy candy," was the instant reply. "I would not take any home."

"Harry," said a teacher to a little boy in Texas, "if one loaf of bread cost ten cents, would not three loaves cost thirty cents?"

"Perhaps at your baker's; our baker gives three for a quarter."

❀

A Queer Jacket

A jacket has just been made in Washington that weighs 38,000 pounds. This jacket was intended for a gun, and so, of course, was made of iron. It was heated for three days so that it would expand to a size that would allow it to be passed over the tube of the gun. A great crane lifted it into position over the gun, and when everything was in readiness it was dropped slowly around. If, in dropping the jacket around the body of the gun, it had not been kept perfectly straight, it would have been ruined. It will take some time for this great jacket of 38,000 pounds to grow cool, and as it grows cool it will grow smaller, and when cold it will fit tightly and immovably over the tube or body of the gun. This was so important an operation that the cadets came up from Annapolis to Washington to see it, and the Board of Naval Officers and others were present.

❀

A Little Queen

It may seem very pleasant to be a queen; to have people show you every attention; to be the first person of importance wherever you are. The Queen of Holland is a little girl. Her father is dead, and her mother, the Queen Regent, is said to be very careful of the little Queen, trying always to make her realize that she is a little girl. But sometimes the little girl has to be the Queen, with a retinue of servants and attendants; she has to ride in state, to sit in state, and she does not enjoy it. We are told that not long ago she was heard to say to one of her dolls: "If you are not good I will make you a queen; then you will not have any more good times!"

❀

Some Decorations

In France dogs are decorated for bravery. One dog bearing a collar was decorated for stopping runaway horses. He jumps up and seizes them by the bridle. Another dog bearing a collar attacked a robber and saved his mistress. Another dog saved three children from drowning.

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Sunday Afternoon

What is Sin?[1]

By Lyman Abbott

. . . Sin is the transgression of the law.—1 John iii., 4.

More literally: Whosoever committeth sin committeth lawlessness; for sin is lawlessness.

The Bible does not contain many definitions. It does define sin. Sin is lawlessness. That is, it is the violation or careless disregard of law.

Intellectual mistakes are not sin. They may come from sin; they may lead men on into sin; but they are not sin. It is not sin for a man to think there is no God. He may be led to that belief because he has been a sinner; that belief may lead him to be a sinner: but that belief is not sin. It is sin for men to prepare dynamite bombs and fling them into government buildings for the destruction of government, but it is not sin for a man to think there ought not to be any government. It is a great folly, but it is not a sin. Immaturity and imperfection are not sins. A man is not a sinner because he has not grown. A babe may be the sweetest and most perfect little babe there ever was in the world. There is a difference between a green apple and an apple with a worm at the root. Sunshine and air will ripen the one; sunshine and air will not take the worm out of the other. Parents are continually making the mistake of thinking that the imperfections of their children are sins; but a great many things that pass for faults in children are simply unripeness; while a great many things that we pass off as unripeness in ourselves are sins. Sin is lawlessness; it is not unfinished growth. Inheritance is not a sin. The appetite for rum which the boy inherits from his father is not a sinful appetite. It may lead him on to sin, but it is not itself sinful, any more than the restrained and cultivated appetite which another boy inherits from his father is a virtue. What Adam gave me, if he gave me anything, is Adam's moral quality, not mine. I never sinned in Adam, and God cannot and does not impute Adam's sin to me. I am to blame for no man's sin but my own; and no man is to blame for any one's sin but his own. What we have derived from others is not sin: sin is an act of our own individual and personal will. Incapacity is not sin. No man is to blame for doing what he cannot help doing. If a man has cut off both his hands in order that he may become no longer able to work, and be better able to beg, he commits a great sin; but he does not commit a sin in not working afterwards, when he has not any hands to work with: his sin was in incapacitating himself for work, his sin is not in not doing the work which he cannot do. Whenever a man says, I cannot help it, he says, I am innocent; he does not offer an excuse for sin—he declares that he is not a sinner.

There is what we call the criminal class in the community; that is, there are those in the community who either openly set themselves against the laws which the community has made, or who live in careless disregard of those laws. They live as if there were no law. A sinner is to God's law what a criminal is to social law. That is to say, a sinner is a man who sets himself against the divine law, endeavoring to break it down, or a man who lives as though there were no divine law, or one who, in particular acts, lives as though there were no divine law regulating those particular acts. God has made certain moral and social laws according to which the realm of mankind should be governed; and when a man disregards that moral order of the universe, lives as though there were no such moral order, makes his own will the master, forgets that there is a divine will, lives as though there were no divine will, does not bring it into his life, or leaves it out of any part of his life, he is a sinner. He may be a sinner in broadcloth or in fustian, he may be a sinner in a brownstone house or in a tenement-house; but if in his life he counts the will of God as though it were not, and lives without regard to it, without considering what God would have him to do; or if in any part of his life he leaves God out, not considering what God would have him to do in that particular part; if he lives disregardful of the divine will, and thinking only of his own will, be he who he may, live where he may, he is a sinner, for just in so far he is living a lawless life.

Men may be divided into three generic classes. There are a few men who have seriously considered that there is a moral order in the universe, a God and a law of righteousness that proceeds from him, and who endeavor to conform their life to that law of righteousness. There are also a few men at the other extreme who have said unto themselves—practically, if not in words—I am going to get what I can out of life, I am going to live as though there were no future life, no judgment, no God, no law in the world. And between these two bodies of men, one at the one extreme and the other at the other, is the great mass of men, who sometimes think of God's law and often forget it, who bring it into a part of their life and leave it out of a part of their life—careless men, living according to their own will and not according to the will and law of Almighty God their heavenly Father. All men, in so far as they live thus, live lawless—that is, sinful—lives.

What shall we say is the generic law of life? It is love. It is that law written in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. To live regardless of the law of love, or to live any part of one's life regardless of that law of love, is lawlessness. Now, what does this law of love require? Let us look a little.

What is the law of government—that is, what does love require of government? The Psalmist says justice and judgment are the habitation of God's throne, so justice and judgment should be the habitation of human government:

> He shall judge thy people with righteousness, and thy poor with judgment. . . . He shall judge the poor of the people, he shall save the children of the needy, and shall break in pieces the oppressor. . . . For he shall deliver the needy when he crieth; the poor also and him that hath no helper. He shall spare the poor and needy, and shall save the souls of the needy.

Will any man, looking on the governments of the world, say that that is the ideal according to which governments are organized? Will any man, looking upon the continent of Europe, say that men are attempting to carry on government upon that basis? In Italy, where the peasant farms are being sold under the taxes, is government organized to help the poor and needy? In Germany, where, as Evarts has said, every peasant carries a soldier on his back, is government organized to help the poor and needy? Is it in France or in Russia? Come across the sea to our own land; will you say that judgment and justice are the habitation of the State-House at Albany or the Capitol at Washington? There are men in America, thank God! who are endeavoring to bring their Nation into conformity to the law of God; but will any man say that the law of God is the law of any government on the face of the globe? There is not a government which is not, in some measure, a lawless government if it be measured by the law of God.

What shall we say the law of love requires of the great commercial and industrial world? What does God organize that world for? Love. And if you translate love into terms of political economy, it means the wise and equitable distribution of wealth. Business, according to the law of God, means benevolence. I leave you to judge how far business, as it is carried on to-day, means benevolence. There are so many wholesale utterances, so many half-truths that are entire falsehoods, that whenever one speaks on such a subject as this he must take half his time to explain that he does not mean something some one else has said. I engage in no wholesale denunciation of business or business men. I know the generous hearts that beat in many a bosom, I know the love shown by many an employer to his employed, I know the truth and fidelity which carry many a business man to Gethsemane and crucifixion. But I put it to you that when A stands on one side of the counter and B stands on the other side, does the buyer love his neighbor as himself? or the seller

[1] Preached at Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, Sunday morning, March 11, 1894. Reported by Henry Winans, and revised by the author.

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love his neighbor as himself? I put to you the question whether the ambition and inspiration of all this business bustling is an ambition to do the greatest amount of good, to secure the greatest amount of blessing to mankind, to accomplish the greatest amount of benevolence; I put to you the question whether the bells of the factory ring out the same chime, good will toward men and peace on earth, that the bells of the church are supposed to ring. And yet every man who does not carry the law of God into his business is in so far a lawless man, following not the law, living as though there were no such law.

What is the law of the teaching profession? Truth. What is the teacher for? what the editor? what the preacher? Primarily, this: that he may give to listening people truth, absolute truth, uncolored, unchanged; that he may speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Now, do you know what is the greatest curse of our educational system? It is professionalism. That is, it is teachers, and principals, and school boards, that have gone into education, not for the purpose of imparting truth, but for the purpose of earning a livelihood; not because they have sympathy with children and a desire to build children up into manhood, but because it is a chosen vocation by which to earn bread and butter. Will any teacher here to-day say that truth is the atmosphere of the school-room? Is there any man who will take a daily paper to-day and say that the one inspiration and purpose of the editors is to give us the absolute truth, in all its correct proportions—without sensationalism, without misinterpretations, without changing of facts for party ends, without concealment, without false statement? Is there any man who will say that the American newspaper is governed by the law of truth? How as to the ministry? Surely, in the pulpit you will find the law of God! What do you find? The strongest kind of pressure brought from the highest ecclesiastical courts on ministers not to speak the truth, not to say what they in their hearts believe to be the truth, but to put words forth with secret mental reservations, to declare their faith in a creed which they do not really believe, to pretend to believe what they do not believe and to hold back what they do believe. No! there is not a minister in the land who can say, We have no sin; there is not one of us who can say, I have never expressed an emotion in the pulpit for theatrical purpose, I have never pretended to a devotion that was not really in my heart, I have never pandered to the prejudices of my congregation, I have never concealed the truth because I thought they would not like to hear it, I have never used words with one meaning in my own heart and another meaning in the minds and thoughts of my congregation. I am not berating my fellow-ministers, and I am not turning the pulpit into a personal confessional: but I do say that lawlessness is even in the pulpit and in the Church of God, and we all know it.

What is the law of society? What has God made society for? This interchange of men and women, what does it mean? What has God made the reception for? what the party for? what social calling for? Or did not he make it—was it made in the other world? Society has for its purpose the interchange of life. The divine function of society is the interchange of life and the impartation of life. It is said that Christ went into society; that he went wherever he was invited; that he went into the houses of the Pharisees and of the publicans; that he sat down at a social table on Sunday and ate dinner with sinners. But I do not think a great many Christians follow Christ's example when they go to parties and receptions. Wherever he went, because his own heart was full of the love of God and of his fellow-men, love bubbled out from him. How do we go? We that are Puritans shrug our shoulders and thank God we are not like the Latin race—we do not enter masquerade balls. I wonder how many of us have worn mask and domino; how many of us have pretended to be somebody we were not that we might be polite and courteous, and keep our lives to ourselves and not give our true life forth to others. And every social circle, every social interchange that has not for its inspiration love, the ministration to the highest life of manhood and womanhood, is lawless, it is sin. Thackeray has satirized the follies of society with a far keener pen than any I possess. But I am not satirizing them this morning; I want to see if I can make you see it, that these things men laugh at, and then go on and do, are not mere follies; they are sins, they are violations of God's law, they are acts of lawlessness; they separate us from one another, they separate us from our Father which is in heaven.

Continue what I have begun; take this law of love and apply it to one phase of life after the other. Let the lawyer ask himself how much of the law of love there is in the court-room; and the doctor ask himself how much there is in the practice of his professional life; and the artist ask himself how much there is in the handling of his brush; and the musician ask himself how much there is in the music of his voice and the ministry of his instrument; and the writer ask himself how much there is in the writing of his story; and each individual ask himself how much there is in his individual life: how much he subjects his will to the will of God, in questions of what he shall eat, and what he shall drink, and wherewithal he shall be clothed, and how he shall live, and what he shall think, and what he shall read. Oh! if this day you would go home to your own confessional and sit down in your own room and tell your Father—no other priest—tell your Father what your life has been when measured by the life of Christ, I think you would rise up—I care not how saintly your life has been—ready to take any penance he might put upon you.

Go into a great factory full of spindles and wheels and all intricate machinery; all are connected with some great water-wheel below; and when the band is connected, all the wheels begin to revolve and all the spindles to play their music. Now, imagine every wheel and every spindle with a will or purpose of its own, and keep the bands off and let every spindle dance to its own tune, every wheel revolve at its own pleasure—what product would you get from your factory? The world is out of gear with God, that is the trouble; and you and I, if we are lawless, are just in so far out of gear with God, and nothing can make our life right save bringing ourselves back into oneness with God, to will what he wills to do, do what he would have us do.

Have you, with Moses, met God at the burning bush and taken your commission from him? Have you, with Paul, answered to the voice in heaven, What wilt thou have me to do? Have you put to your Father the life-prayer of Christ, Lo, I come to do thy will, O God! Or are you living by your own impulse and your own will? If so, your life is a sinful life; for sin is lawlessness.

Family Discords[1]

By Lyman Abbott

It is not necessary for us to determine how far the story of Joseph, composed as it evidently is of at least two traditions woven together into one narrative, is to be regarded as history. It might, indeed, be well for older students of the Bible to compare this story with the account given in Josephus, and with such light as is thrown upon the relation of Israel to Egypt by the Egyptian monuments; but this would require a consideration of the story of Joseph in its entirety, and while the subject might profitably occupy a class through the five Sundays allotted by the International Committee to the story of Joseph, it would not be advantageous in such a study to divide the story, as the Committee have done, into five fragments. I shall therefore take the story as I find it in Genesis, simply premising that it seems to me to bear internal evidence of being, in its essential elements, historical.

Real human nature is made up of curious contradictions. Strangely conflicting master-passions struggle for the victory. A bright gleam in the seemingly sordid soul of Jacob is his love for Rachel. A rare woman is she, a rare

[1] International Sunday-School Lesson for April 8, 1894.—Gen. xxxvii., 1-11.

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marriage is theirs—rare certainly in the Orient, where it is generally an alliance of families, not a union of hearts. There is the romance of real love curiously commingled with the story of trade and even trickery. Jacob finds his own wife, sets his heart upon her, earns her by his own labor, thinks no price too great to pay for her. When at last she is his, he clings to her with a love which finds almost no parallel in his age. His affection never wearies. It never loses the dew of its youth. When she dies, he transfers his heart's love to her children, Joseph and Benjamin. When he at last lies down to die, it is with her name upon his lips, with the memory of her love brightening his past.[1]

It is certain that Leah, who was Jacob's first wife, could not have contentedly seen her husband's affections all centered upon her younger sister. The relationship between these two wives could never have been other than bitter, even though the bitterness were suppressed and unuttered. It was inevitable that the feeling of the wives and mothers should descend to their respective children, that Joseph and Benjamin should look with patronizing hauteur upon the children of the unfavored wife, and that the children of Leah should repay this pride with bitter hate. So the event proved. Jacob gives to Joseph a dress which distinguishes him from his brothers as their superior. Joseph feels his superiority, this feeling enters into his dreams, and, with the naïve vanity of childhood, he tells his dreams to his father and brothers, and the latter hate him the more, and are ready to seize the first opportunity that offers for his destruction.

1. The Bible has been made responsible for polygamy, as though it approved institutions whose existence it narrates without condemnation. In fact, Biblical history affords a stronger condemnation of polygamy than any mere theory could do, for it portrays the evils of polygamous marriages in striking forms. Experience is the best teacher, and the experiences of the Hebrew race candidly narrated by its historians offer the best argument against polygamy. But the story bears equally strong testimony against all forms of family feuds. Such feuds grow naturally out of polygamous marriages, but are not confined to households which violate the fundamental law of the home. A father or mother may perceive more lovable qualities in one child than in another; in one sense may love one child more than another. But parental partiality exhibited in action always works injustice and injury. Putting one child up as a model for another child to imitate, giving one child authority over another child of approximately equal age, investing one child with superior rank over another child, is always a hazardous proceeding. The father should be, as God is, no respecter of persons.

2. The evil of partiality is seen in our story. First of all, in its effect upon Joseph. It was fortunate for him that he was sold into Egypt. It may well be doubted whether any boy could have withstood the evil influence of his father's partiality. Perhaps Joseph's bringing an evil report of his brethren to his father was righteous; perhaps in it he was animated by the highest and purest motives. But this is not usually the case in such bearers of evil reports. Perhaps his report of his dreams to his father and brethren was a modest and humble report, made only for the purpose of getting some understanding of their meaning; but if we do not canonize Joseph in this beginning of his career, if we regard him as a boy like other boys, we shall hardly fail to detect a note of exultation and of vanity in him. He might well have carried these dreams to his father to get light on their meaning; but why should he have told them to his brethren, if it was not to exult over them? And apparently he told both dreams to his brethren first.

3. The fruit of this partiality in Joseph was vanity; in his brethren it was envy. And these two sins, vanity and envy, are of kin. Vanity rejoices in its preferment; envy is angered by the preferment of another: both are forms of the same selfishness. The later developments of this story show how envy as a secret passion grows to murder as an outward act; nor can I do better, in the characterization of this vice, than transfer to these columns an extract from a sermon by DeWitt S. Clark taken from the "Sermons by the Monday Club:"

"It [envy] has, less than any other sin, its seat in the flesh, and is a soul-canker. The ancient poets—the theologians of their day—used to personify it. They represented it as a deity of the lowest order, a meager skeleton, dwelling in a dark and lonesome cave and feeding on snakes. Hidden away from the light and subsisting on the most disgusting, venomous food, it is correctly drawn. It fastens not on things, but on persons, and slyly, silently, constantly seeks and rejoices in their faults and failures. It would pull down, from every pedestal to which the common verdict has raised them, the great and the good and the prosperous. It knows no heroes, believes in no saints, acknowledges no merit. It is strongest in the breasts where there is entire lack of that virtue which all admire. It is the germ of the communistic idea. It plots without more definite purpose than to destroy all facts of difference between men, and is never so diabolically glad as when it brings some lofty Vendôme Column of personal glory to the ground. It is an adept at hypocrisy. It can be smooth and plausible as a Jesuit, and bitter and faithless as Satan. It can secrete itself in natures which hardly dream of its presence there till some object at which it would strike appears; and then it springs like a serpent, and startles its possessor that he too is like the ugly person in whom it detects its own mate—for these vices hunt, like other reptiles, in pairs. There is no noble appeal to which it can respond, no holy aim which it can endure. It is ever destructive and not constructive. It dwarfs and paralyzes divinely implanted faculties. It illustrates Lord Bacon's saying, 'Men's minds will either feed upon their own good or upon others' evils: who wanteth the one will prey upon the other, and whoso is out of hope to attain another's virtue will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune.' This latter course is despicable in the extreme. It ever tends to cramp and demonize what God has made to expand and reach out toward heavenly states. Like carrion birds and beasts, it becomes unclean, and defiles, as the fabled harpies, the choicest feasts. It changes into its own foul image the very form in which it tenants. It lines the face and draws the eyelid and pinches the nose, till one can clearly discern its features, and behold the human countenance publishing its indwelling to every beholder. One captured by and surrendered to it finds no lofty meaning in life. Sullenly the dreary round of tasks is performed, no promise of a better future is heard, and, unloved, unwept, he sinks away. If he carry not with him the guilt of some terrible crime inspired by this indwelling fiend, yet it has prematurely wrought 'rottenness in the bones,' and has its fitting epitaph inscribed by a heathen poet:

> Envy at others' good is evermore
> Malignant poison sitting in the soul,
> A double woe to him inflicted with it:
> Of inward pain, the heavy load he bears;
> At sight of joy without, he ever mourns."

Surely, after pondering this single chapter of the story of Joseph, we may well join with more fervency than ever before in the prayer of the Litany, "From all blindness, from pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and from all uncharitableness, good Lord, deliver us."

Indifference in religion is more fatal than skepticism. There is no pulse in indifference; skepticism may have warm blood.—*Beecher.*

> Stronger than steel
> Is the sword of the Spirit;
> Swifter than arrows
> The light of the truth is;
> Greater than anger
> Is love, and subdueth!
>
> —*Longfellow.*

[1] Lyman Abbott's "Old Testament Shadows."

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The Religious World

Lord Rosebery and the English Churches

We do not know whether the new Prime Minister of England is like his predecessor in his deep and earnest religious convictions, but we notice in the English papers grateful acknowledgments of his kindly sympathy with the churches and missionaries. Lord Rosebery has been a remarkably popular man, and he has gained his great position, not only because of his conspicuous ability, but because of his wisdom in the use of his powers and the position to which he is heir. A peer by birth, he is a commoner in spirit. Such a combination is sure to be popular among the masses in England. As instances of the way in which his appointment has been received in religious circles, we notice the following facts, which we glean from the "British Weekly." The Church Missionary Society, which is the organ of the Establishment, met with the warmest sympathy from his Lordship when its representatives interviewed him on the subject of Uganda in 1892. Then it was that he spoke so enthusiastically of that noble missionary, Alexander Mackay, referring to him as "the Christian Bayard, whose memory is dear, not only to his immediate northern country, but all over the Empire." Lord Rosebery has also shown his interest in the London Missionary Society, which is chiefly supported by Congregationalists, for he attended its anniversary meeting in Exeter Hall, also in 1892. Another instance of his interest in religious affairs is in the following fact: In the autumn of 1884 a banquet was given to him in Edinburgh, he sympathizing with the Free Church in desiring to have the question of disestablishment postponed. Principal Rainy, in a speech made soon afterward, said that "nothing could be more courteous or more conciliatory than Lord Rosebery's attitude, and his speech was marked by all the brightness of mind and felicity of diction which the country had come to expect from him. It almost took one's breath away." Since 1884 Lord Rosebery has in more ways than one come into relations with the Free Church, and in 1890 he twice attended its General Assembly. Those who were present will remember the curious hum that passed over the Assembly as he came in from behind the Moderator's chair and sat on the front bench by the side of Principal Rainy. Oddly enough, the first subject to which he listened was a debate on the conversion of the Jews; and a few evenings later he was present when Dr. Marcus Dods was elected to the professorship. Such facts as these would have comparatively little importance in this country, but in England they are all carefully observed, since they indicate what will be the attitude of the new Prime Minister toward questions which are ever burning questions in that country.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle

Last week we reported an approaching meeting of the Metropolitan Tabernacle and the fact that at that time a pastor would be elected. It seems that there has been great excitement concerning the outcome of the meeting, and yet we presume few were prepared for quite so decisive a vote as the daily papers report. We have not yet received the full details, but as telegraphed the result shows that Dr. A. T. Pierson received about 650 votes, and the Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the late pastor, about 2,000. This will probably settle the question of the succession. Thomas Spurgeon is in many respects as remarkable a man as his father. He has the same brilliant wit, the same earnest consecration, and the same evangelistic spirit. Several years ago he went to New Zealand, and built up there a great tabernacle after the model of his father's in London. In 1884 we heard father and son speak on the same platform, and were then convinced that if the son outlived the father he would be his successor. His style of preaching is too hortatory for a congregation composed of thoughtful people, but the Tabernacle is not so situated that many thoughtful people attend. It is in the heart of a great and desolate region. Before the father died many of his best members had moved to the suburbs, and it is probable that there will be a still larger removal if Mr. Spurgeon accepts the call, though not so large as if any one else were to come. We presume the question of Dr. Pierson's relations to that church is now finally settled, and that we shall hear no more of his having been immersed and being about to change his ecclesiastical relations.

Persecution in Russia

The religious condition in Russia is by no means satisfactory. All who dissent from the Established Church are treated with the greatest cruelty. The story of the Stundists is now well known throughout the world, but we doubt if many appreciate how constant and severe is their persecution. We read of imprisoned Stundists and Baptists from many parts of the South of Russia being held for trial. Five Stundists are soon to be tried in the district court of Tagranrog. Four others are to be tried in another district, and many cases are reported from the various provinces. The only charge is lack of conformity to the standards of orthodoxy. Children are even separated from parents. This is one of the most terrible of all the cruelties to which these people are subjected for loyalty to conscience. Reports from Gerusi in Trans-Caucasia state that many of the banished Stundists stationed there are petitioning the Minister of the Interior for some amelioration of their wretched condition. A writer to the "Christian World" of London says: "We have seen a copy of one of their petitions, in which the petitioner, whose name of course we dare not give, draws a moving picture of the sickness unto death of his wife and children, who are unable to stand against the unfavorable climatic conditions of the place, and begging that they might be sent to some more healthy locality." It is almost incredible that such stories can be true in this nineteenth century of the Christian era, and yet, as the facts are vouched for by the editor of the "Christian World," we must believe them. The Russian Government seems impervious to public sentiment, else such atrocities would have been stopped long ago. They become still more atrocious when we remember that they are perpetrated in the name of the Prince of Peace. However, perhaps we must remember that, with all her greatness, Russia is still half barbaric. The stories of the persecutions of the Stundists read like a chapter out of Fox's "Book of Martyrs."

The Harvest in New York

We have recently seen some very striking figures concerning the work of the past winter in the Methodist Episcopal churches in the city of New York. Thirty-eight of them report 1,350 received as probationers, with several churches yet to be heard from. Thirty-two churches in Brooklyn report 1,394 probationers, with a number yet to respond. Eleven churches in Jersey City and Hoboken report 244. This makes a total of 2,988 probationers received, or, with some necessary additions, 3,103, or an average of more than thirty-seven to each church. In these statistics none are given of what is known as the "Forward Movement," under the direction of the Rev. C. H. Yatman. These are most encouraging figures. If all the probationers are received into full membership in the church (and we do not see why such should not be the result), the record in the Methodist churches of New York for this winter will be recognized by all as a sure sign that the Church is not losing its power over the common people. We have long felt that our churches were not growing from the world as much as they should. It would well repay some one who has a genius for such work to examine the returns from the various churches, and see how many who are received into membership come from the families of the regular attendants and how many are won from the world. When those reports should be published, we doubt if the feeling of enthusiasm and satisfaction would be very great. That we are holding our own there can be no doubt; whether we are winning converts from among those who seldom or never attend church is a more serious question.

The Blakeslee Lesson System

We have received the statement of the Lesson Committee of the Bible Study Union, adopted at their meeting in Boston on February 27, and should be glad to publish it in full if space permitted. As that is impossible, we give some items from it. The Committee are of the opinion that the best results of Bible study in the Sunday-schools cannot be obtained by the use of any system of uniform

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lessons, or by the means of one devoted primarily to detached portions of Scripture. They think there should be a system of lessons in which the material as well as the methods of study are adapted to the age and capacity of those using them. The Bible should be studied as a whole, with special reference to the person and work of our Lord. The lessons should have due regard to the order of events and the literary structure of the Bible; the method should be both inductive and constructive. As most nearly conforming to this idea, the Committee recommends the Bible Union Graded Lesson System. In this system there are four series of courses. The first one is for children, three in number, and each course covering one year. The second is a series of historical courses, also three in number, each covering a year. The third series is a doctrinal course designed for those who have studied the historical course, and differing from the former in that the emphasis is placed on the teaching rather than the history. The fourth is a series of Bible-class courses designed for those who have completed the previous courses. This system divides the Bible into three sections—the Gospels, the rest of the New Testament, and the Old Testament. It gives two-thirds of the time to the study of the New Testament, and one-third to the study of the Old Testament. There is a constant progress in the plan of study. It is proposed to publish text-books, not only for Sunday-schools, but for Bible-classes in schools and colleges. Among those whose names are signed to the statement are President W. J. Tucker, D.D., the Rev. D. H. Greer, D.D., Professor W. J. Beecher, D.D., the Rev. E. B. Coe, D.D., Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, and many others.

The Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting

There is more in New York than Broadway and Wall Street, the hotels and exchanges, more even than the churches and charities. One of the most significant features in the life of the great city is the number of those who gather at noonday to offer prayer. The Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting has been in existence for many years, and yet it is only one of various meetings of the kind. Its place of assembly is now at 113 Fulton Street, or 58 Ann Street. It was started on the 23d of September, 1857. It is open to all, without relation to creed, color, or sex. For many years it was under the general direction of Mr. J. C. Lamphear, who was its founder, but, by reason of age and infirmity, after thirty-seven years' connection with it, he has been succeeded by Mr. C. F. Cutter. The work which Mr. Lamphear has done would be very hard suitably to characterize. We can readily believe the following tribute to him: "Many broken-hearted, despairing men, grieving over the loss of home and fortune, did he comfort in those troublous times, pointing them to the Friend who never failed, and encouraging them to trust in Him who would not feed the ravens and clothe the lilies and leave His children in need." The work of such a man is never fully appreciated in this world. The successor of Mr. Lamphear, Mr. Cutter, occupies a responsible position in the house of Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, and, while a very busy man, is not so occupied as to have no time for the work of the Master. He is an educated Christian gentleman, having studied at Phillips Academy, Andover, and graduated from Yale in 1875. He also studied theology at Union Seminary, and has had some legal training. He is, therefore, fitted not only by his business experience, but by his culture and general knowledge, for this responsible work. The leader of such a meeting has great responsibility. He may lift it to a plane so lofty that it will be an inspiration to the most cultured and a help to the poor and ignorant, or he may allow it to be pervaded by a tone of such cant and "piosity" as to repel thoughtful and earnest persons. We have reason to believe that Mr. Cutter has the highest ideals concerning the possibilities of this work, and we confidently expect that during the years to come it will continue to be a blessing to hundreds and thousands in the midst of the busy and exacting life of lower New York.

A Remarkable Pastorate

The acceptance of the call of the South Congregational Church of Springfield by the Rev. P. S. Moxom, D.D., calls attention to the remarkable pastorate in that church of the venerable Rev. S. G. Buckingham, D.D. At the meeting at which Dr. Buckingham retired from his connection with the church, a committee gave suitable expression to the regard in which he is held in the church to which he has ministered for forty-seven years. Such pastorates are not numerous in these days, and they are less common in the cities and suburban districts than in the country. We do not at this moment recall another pastorate of equal length, except that of the Rev. Richard S. Storrs, D.D., in Brooklyn. The tribute paid to Dr. Buckingham by his people is well deserved, and it gives us great pleasure to make the following extract from the resolutions which were adopted:

> Vain is it to attempt a review of our beloved pastor's career. It has passed into history. It is known to the general public. While we can only speak for ourselves, yet there is a far wider circle of those who are in many ways vitally interested in Dr. Buckingham's past acts. These do not and cannot speak through any action that we may take. His life, both individually and as pastor of this church, has touched the community at many points. Through him this church has been allied with much of the activity, growth, and prosperity of our fair city, where an unusually correct moral sentiment dominates the public body, where there is such a wealth of institutions that attract the cultivated and refined. In all this larger pastoral service that aimed at the enrichment of the wider Church, Dr. Buckingham has acted a part of conspicuous usefulness, both through his public utterances and by active participation.

The Young Women's Christian Association of New York

The report of the Young Women's Christian Association of New York, located at No. 7 East Fifteenth Street, is both interesting and painful reading. It is painful because the stringency of the times is compelling its managers to make an earnest appeal for aid in the present crisis. It is most encouraging and delightful reading when the work which is being done is studied. The report tells us that in the industrial classes, the majority of which are free, 2,325 were instructed and thus prepared for self-support; that the Employment Bureau and Needlework Department found situations and work for upwards of 2,000; 4,460 used the free circulating library, and more than 20,000 the reading-room; and the Board Directory has found suitable homes for more than 2,100 women. And this is but a small part of what has been accomplished. The Committee makes an earnest appeal for subscriptions. The name of the Treasurer is Elizabeth B. Cunningham, and we repeat the address—No. 7 East Fifteenth Street. This is the central Young Women's Christian Association. There are branches of the same, among the most efficient being the Harlem Branch, which celebrated its anniversary on Tuesday, March 20. The Second Presbyterian Church in West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street was literally thronged with friends and helpers of the Association. The report showed an encouraging condition, and the appeal for a new building was touchingly and strongly presented. The Young Men's Christian Association and its work is well known; not so many understand that quite as good a work is being done among young women. If our mention of this Association should lead any to extend to it that assistance which it so much needs and richly deserves, it would give the writer of this paragraph very great satisfaction.

A Children's Church

The Rev. Robert N. Young, D.D., writing in the "Christian Advocate" of New York, describes an experiment which is being tried by one London minister for the solution of a difficult problem. He has established what he calls a "Children's Church." Evidently he has found difficulty in inducing the children to attend the regular services of worship, and his idea is that the best way to prevent the loss of the children altogether is to make a special service for them. The experiment is new, and we cannot tell what the result will be. It must be remembered that it is a *church* to which the children are admitted as members. In this instance ninety-five have already been received. The age of admission is between five and fourteen, and those who give evidence of being really Christians will be transferred at the latter age to the main church. "The conditions of admission are belief in God, love to Christ, and acceptance of the Bible as the guide of life." The weekly service is held on Saturday, and the communion is administered monthly. Children are represented as being very eager for admission as members, and great care has to be taken lest those not worthy should be received. It will not do for us to predict what the outcome of this experiment will be. Probably it will have local success, and

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yet we shall not be surprised if many others make the trial of it. In the large cities possibly something of the kind may be needed, but in the smaller cities and suburban towns and villages we are decidedly of the opinion that it is better to have the services of the church conducted in such a way that both the old and young may meet together and be mutually helpful. It is a great thing, however, for all Christian workers to understand that a plan which will work well in one place may not always work equally well in another.

Gleanings

—Father A. Lambert, of the Redemptorist Order of this city, has left the Roman Catholic Church.

—The Rev. Dr. George C. Lorimer, of the Tremont Temple Baptist Church, Boston, has declined the call to become the pastor of the Church of the Epiphany, New York.

—The dedication services of the new Fourth Presbyterian Church, at West End Avenue and Ninety-first Street, this city, were held last Sunday. The Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler preached the dedication sermon.

—The Rev. Dr. George W. Huntington has resigned the rectorship of the Reformed Episcopal Church of the Reconciliation, Brooklyn, having been appointed General Secretary of the Home Missionary and Church Extension work of the Reformed Episcopal Church in the Synod of New York and Philadelphia.

—The Rev. Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, of Baltimore, has declined the call to the pastorate of the West Presbyterian Church, New York City. About a month ago Dr. Babcock declined a call to Philadelphia. He has also had, including the one just declined, three calls to New York, and calls to Brooklyn and St. Paul.

—Dr. William Fiske died on March 10, at his home in Newark, at the ripe age of nearly eighty-seven years. He was a son of the Rev. Dr. John Fiske, and was born in New Braintree, Mass., where for over fifty years his father held a pastorate. His ancestors for several generations were celebrated in the pulpit and other learned professions.

—The Rev. Narcisse Cyr, whose life was given up to the propagation of Protestantism among the French-Canadians of New England, died in Springfield, Mass., on March 18, at the age of seventy. Born in Napierville, Canada, he was educated in theological schools at Paris and Geneva. Returning to Canada, he entered upon the work of evangelization under the direction of the Grande Ligne Mission. In conducting "Le Semeur Canadian," the first French Protestant paper ever established on the American continent, he lost the whole of his private means.

Ministerial Personals

CONGREGATIONAL

—M. S. Phillips, of Chaplin, Conn., has resigned.

—Henry Hyde has resigned the pastorate of the Second Church of Greenfield, Mass.

—Thatcher T. Thayer died in Newport, R. I., at the age of eighty-two, on March 17; Mr. Thayer's well-known valuable theological library, it is thought, will go to Brown University, of which he was at one time a Trustee.

—W. B. Allis, of Waltham, Mass., accepts a call to North Conway, N. H.

—George H. Cate accepts a call to become assistant pastor of the Shawmut Church of Boston, Mass.

—Clinton Douglass was installed on March 1 as pastor of the Pilgrim Church of Des Moines, Ia.

—H. C. Meserve was ordained on March 14 in Springfield, Mass.

—G. A. Shaw, of the Yale Seminary, accepts a call to Clayton, N. Y.

PRESBYTERIAN

—J. H. Owens was on March 15 installed as pastor of the East Side Church of Paterson, N. J.

—R. L. MacWhorter has resigned the pastorate of the Cumberland Church of Virginia City, Ill., on account of opposition aroused by the preaching of a sermon with the title "Romanism the Greatest Foe of Liberty."

—S. R. Jamieson, of Xenia, O., has declined a call from the United Presbyterian Church at Thompsonville, Conn.

—Thomas Atkinson, of Worcester, Mass., has received a call to Somerville.

OTHER CHURCHES

—Stevens Parker, a retired Episcopal clergyman, died in this city last week, at the age of sixty-four.

—W. W. Boyd has resigned the pastorate of the Peddie Memorial Church of Newark, N. J.

—John Alden, Jr., a Baptist minister and a descendant of the Pilgrim John Alden, died in Providence, R. I., on March 13, at the age of eighty-six.

—W. A. Apsey has resigned the pastorate of the North Avenue Baptist Church of North Cambridge, Mass., after a service of twenty-five years.

—W. H. Ramsay has resigned the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church of Manchester, N. H.

—F. P. Stoddard, of Amsterdam, N. Y., accepts a call to the Strong Place Baptist Church of Brooklyn.

—E. G. Mason has resigned the pastorate of the Universalist church at Oakland, Me.

Books and Authors

The Raiders[1]

Romance seems once more to be asserting itself in the fiction of the day; and, after a course of psychological studies that make barely a feint of masquerading under the guise of stories, and of mere narrations of commonplace events as trivial as they are minute, it is distinctly refreshing to come across so vigorous a tale of romance and adventure as this, the latest work by the author of "The Stickit Minister." Founded on history, in so far as the traditions of "those strange years when the hill outlaws collogued with the wild free-traders of the Holland traffic" constitute history, "The Raiders" vibrates with sufficient dramatic action for a dozen ordinary novels. We are swept breathlessly along from one exciting situation to another; while throughout the story runs a vein of heedlessness and reckless daring that intensifies the boldness of the effect.

A Galloway man himself, Mr. Crockett, in choosing for his scene of action the picturesque region of the fastnesses about Galloway, has been able to catch the local color to a marvelous degree. He tells us, moreover, that, though the time is supposed to be at the beginning of the last century, he has labored most diligently to render every detail of the story as accurate as possible. "The Scots Magazine" has been, he says, his principal authority, while Pitcairn and many others of the early chroniclers have been closely studied. But there is no need for Mr. Crockett to assure us that he could give chapter and verse for all the customs and incidents he introduces: it is as a work that appeals above all to the imagination that "The Raiders" is superlatively to be praised; and it possesses, far in advance of any painstaking historic accuracy, the supreme qualities of inevitableness and unalterable truth that are the most striking characteristics of any really great work of art. It possesses, too, a breadth of vision, a vigor, and an intensity that sweep us far beyond the narrowness and limitations of our own conventional lives and bring us face to face with the most primitive conditions. And yet throughout all the wildness and barbaric force that are lurking in the story is a thoroughly sane and healthy spirit, a spirit of warm-heartedness and geniality that is distinctly akin to that of Sir Walter Scott.

When a new writer attempts to deal with scenes in a certain sense appropriated by two or three peculiarly successful authors before him, it is perhaps inevitable that comparisons must be drawn, even when a charge of plagiarism would be totally out of place; and it does not need Mr. Crockett's grateful recognition of Scott and Stevenson as his masters to tell us why "The Raiders" is filled for us with haunting recollections. Yet, just as, in his former book, Mr. Crockett boldly challenged comparison with "The Little Minister," yet won for himself the warmest recognition as a new and original force in Scottish literature, so here, when "Rob Roy" and "The Pirate" and those most entrancing adventures of David Balfour crowd upon our memory, we are constrained to wonder whether the resemblance does not arise from the mere fact that Scott and Stevenson have been practically the only writers to make known to us these strangely unfamiliar phases of life. But, though its scene is laid in Devon, there is another book that is recalled to us even more strongly by this tale of Galloway—Blackmore's "Lorna Doone." And it is not alone the warlike spirit and deeds of outlawry that constitute this striking likeness; in the very love-stories of John Ridd and Patrick Heron, different as they are in many of the situations, there is an undeniable sameness in spirit.

But then, too, in the friendship of Patrick and Silver Sand we are constantly reminded of David Balfour and that irresistibly charming Alan Breck; and as for May Mischief and her brothers, who can meet them without a remembrance of Di Vernon?

Yet it would be more than unfair to say that "The

[1] *The Raiders.* By S. R. Crockett. Macmillan & Co., New York. $1.50.

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Raiders" is merely made up of other books: it has its full share, and more than the usual share, of freshness and vigor and originality; and when once we lend ourselves freely to its spell, we are lost in the fascination of the story. For good stories of adventure are few and far between; and that this one is good the most captious critic must admit. It possesses a mingled strength and simplicity that are at times absolutely Homeric. The interest never for an instant flags, and even rises frequently to the very heights of emotion. Each scene stands out before us with the utmost vividness, and one at least—the taking of the bridge by the maddened, frantic cattle—is a veritable masterpiece. The dramatic action, at times almost too hurried for us thoroughly to grasp one situation before we are swept along to another, is at others so protracted as to render the suspense almost unbearable; yet this very quality renders the book wonderfully effective. So, too, although we would willingly know more of what happened to May Mischief after her capture by Hector Faa, the leader of the gypsies, yet even this reticence heightens the mystery that always lurks about that strange race. "The Little Minister" taught us that gypsy and Egyptian were terms synonymous in Scotland, yet how many of us were aware that their chief, John Faa, was by James, King of Scotland, belted "Lord and Earl of Little Egypt," and that an edict went forth from the King's own hand to the effect that all the sheriffs and bailiffs of his realm should (in the words of the old proclamation) "assist our louvit Johnne Faa in punessing all that rebellis againist him, and in the execution of justice upon his company and Folkis, conforme to the lawes of Egypt"?

But a book like this is of the kind that baffles criticism. Its more obvious merits and defects are, after all, the least part of it; it is filled with the elusive charm of the old mediæval epics; the indefinite, indefinable spirit of the "Nibelungen Lied" and the "Chanson de Roland" lives once more in it; and, as we read, our heartbeats are quickened, our souls are stirred, and not until the last word of the book is reached do we return, dazed and reluctant, into this nineteenth century.

Miss Edgeworth's Novels[1]

Miss Edgeworth is one of the old-fashioned novelists whose work is likely to live by reason of its intrinsic interest. She has not the literary charm of Jane Austen, but she has the vital quality, and she was fortunate in the field which she entered and which, in a sense, she possessed. "The Absentee" and "Castle Rackrent" are likely to live as pictures of manners quite apart from their interest as stories; just as "Cranford" is likely to be preserved because of its portraiture of old-time English provincial life, quite aside from the delightful charm with which it invests that life. It is a long time since Miss Edgeworth began to write, for in the postscript which Scott added to "Waverley" he said, referring to three or four of these novels, which were well known at that time: "Without being so presumptuous as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable taste which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I feel that something might be attempted for my own country of the same kind with that which she has so well achieved for Ireland." In the judgment of posterity, Scott was altogether too modest in thus giving his own work a lower place than that of Miss Edgeworth; for, after a lapse of seventy years, it is still clear that Scott is one of the great original forces in literature, and that Miss Edgeworth is, at the best, only a gifted delineator of the old-time life and the old-time people. She is still to be read, however, with hearty interest, and no one who desires to know English fiction can pass over "Castle Rackrent," "The Absentee," "Ormond," or "Ennui." It is very pleasant to find these old-time novels in this charming new edition, which has the artistic quality of the best book-making. This edition is reprinted from the collected edition which appeared in 1832 in eighteen volumes, and which contained all that work except "Helen," which was published two years later. One attractive feature of this edition is the reproduction of the illustrations from the earlier edition—illustrations of genuine force and artistic quality. One misses the portrait of the author, but one sympathizes heartily with Miss Edgeworth's repugnance to the portrait-painter. The present edition is put into twelve volumes, and omits the "Moral Tales for Young People," the "Popular Tales," and the "Short Stories." Miss Edgeworth's first novel was "Belinda," which appeared in 1801, followed five years later by "Leonora." Then came "Ennui," the first of the "Tales of Fashionable Life," which was in turn followed by "Vivian" and "The Absentee." "Patronage" appeared in 1813, "Harrington" in 1817, "Ormond" in the same year, and, after a long interval, "Helen," the last bit of serious work in fiction which came from Miss Edgeworth's hand.

[1] Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 12 Vols.

English students of the Bible will welcome the English translation of the *Diatessaron of Tatian*, the earliest life of Christ ever compiled from the Four Gospels, literally translated from the Arabic version, and containing the Four Gospels woven into one story, with a historic and critical introduction, notes, and appendix, by the Rev. J. Hamlyn Hill, D.D., of Cambridge, England. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.) The Arabic manuscript of the "Diatessaron" dates from the twelfth, or, more probably, the fourteenth, century, and was published from the Vatican in 1888 in the original Arabic, accompanied by a Latin translation, from which this English translation has been prepared. But though the manuscript is late, the "Diatessaron" itself is early. Tatian was born about 110 A.D., and is supposed to have issued his harmony of the Four Gospels about 160 A.D. This harmony proves that there were four Gospels, and indicates that there were only four recognized as authoritative in the Church in the early part of the second century. Of course we cannot tell positively what modifications in Tatian's original work may have been made by copyists between its original publication and the fourteenth century; but coupled with the condition of other early manuscripts of the Gospels, the "Diatessaron" offers a reasonably conclusive evidence that the Four Gospels existed, in the condition in which we now possess them—including, the reader may observe, the Gospel of St. John—early in the second century. Apart from the testimony which this book offers to the authenticity of the Gospel narratives, it is of great interest as being the first attempt at a complete life of Christ composed of all the Gospels. The freedom which Tatian exercises in removing the passages from their setting and bringing them into connection with other parallel passages, and in disregarding the order of events implied by one of the Gospel narrators as inconsistent with the order implied by another Gospel narrator, indicates, as do the writings of other early Fathers, that he had no such conception of the inerrancy of the Scriptures, in minor respects, as has been insisted upon as a test of orthodoxy in our own time. The introduction and appendices to this volume have been very thoroughly prepared.

After a period of senseless bigotry in music as regards the outside world, especially the Teutonic, Paris has apparently settled down to be again an Alma Mater to composers of whatever birth. Cherubini, Spontini, Rossini, and Donizetti are the men who once came across the Italian boundary, and Gluck and Meyerbeer across the German, to feel the kindly influence of other days in the French capital. After them came the long deluge of pseudo-nationalism. Now, happily, the Gauls are behaving like men again, and the revival of the Paris opera, in the broad sense of embracing much that is not national, has helped critics everywhere to appreciate contemporary French composers themselves at their truer value. Art knows no country, and the proof that free trade is better than protection in the world of music is found in the fact that, by comparison with Germans and Italians, the real leaders of the French school stand out in far bolder and better relief than before. After short notices of Bizet, Lalo, Franck and Leo Delibes, Mr. Arthur Hervey, in his *Masters of French Music* (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York), proceeds to make that relief still more distinct in his chapters on Gounod, Thomas, Saint-Saëns, Massenet, Reyer, and Bruneau. Not that such master-works as "Faust," "Mignon," "Samson et Dalila," "Manon," "Sigurd," and "Le Rêve" (which are perhaps the operas which best represent the above composers) could ever be other than famous, but the welcoming of Wagner's immortal music-dramas to Paris, after long years of ingratitude and contempt, has not only shown that tone-truth is mighty and will prevail; it has also shown that so-called secondary achieve-

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ments of French masters, such as "Roméo et Juliette," "Hamlet," "Ascanio," "Le Cid," "Salammbo," and "Kérim," in operas, and, what is of far more account, their oratorios, cantatas, and symphonic poems—in fact, all their orchestral, chamber, vocal, or piano works—often possess a sustained expression and a startling originality unobserved before. The volume is fairly well printed and bound, but it is strange that a collection of well-considered criticism and character-sketches should be cheapened by such poor portraits and facsimiles of autograph scores.

Professor Goldwin Smith is sometimes irritating, but he is always interesting. Readers of The Outlook have not forgotten that charming little book, "A Trip to England," the reading of which is distinctly the best preparation for visiting that country which any American can make. Professor Smith has now prepared a kind of companion volume in *Oxford and Her Colleges;* a dainty little book which can be read through in two hours, and which describes, characterizes, and traces the historical development of Oxford with great clearness and felicity. It is the charm of both these little books that there is no element of the dry-as-dust fact-gatherer in them. Their special quality is the vitality with which they invest their themes and the skill with which they seize the salient and characteristic features. Oxford, in its long history, its beautiful architecture, its scholarly traditions, and its illustrious figures, lives again in this little book, and the reader who looks down upon the old university town from the Radcliffe library, with Professor Smith to tell the story for him, will have an hour of the rarest pleasure. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

It is difficult to believe that any one who can read the English language can successfully resist the appeal of the *Ariel Shakespeare*, so alluring are these little books to the eye. As they come from the press, the beauty of this edition becomes more apparent. The latest installment, including "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Measure for Measure," "Comedy of Errors," "Love's Labor Lost," "Taming of the Shrew," "All's Well that Ends Well," and "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," presents the comedies of Shakespeare in as compact and fascinating a form as they were ever given to the public. The special features of the Ariel edition are the small size of the volumes, which may be slipped into a coat-pocket; the clearness of the type, which makes the little book as easy to the eye as a big book would be; and the excellence and beauty of the binding and printing. It would be difficult to overpraise this latest form of the great dramatist. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

The Rev. Dr. Minot J. Savage appears to grow more radical in his books with every new publication. Dr. Savage is a brilliant man, if not a great scholar. He always interests us and stimulates our thought even when we most dissent from his utterances on spiritism and the New Testament. *Jesus and Modern Life*, by M. J. Savage, with an introduction by Professor Crawford H. Toy, is a live book, but, in our opinion, the preacher has taken undue liberties with the text of the New Testament, not warranted by the present state of critical scholarship. It is well enough for Dr. Savage to emphasize the "divinity of man and the humanity of God." We object to his rejection of the Johannine Gospel; we think that he might have taken the witness of the late Professor Ezra Abbot on its genuineness. (George H. Ellis, Boston.)

Readers who remember the Rev. James S. Stone's "Heart of Merrie England" and "Over the Hills to Broadway" will know what to expect in his *Woods and Dales of Derbyshire*. Mr. Stone has a most happy gift of being leisurely, of rambling off from his main narrative into by-paths of anecdote, character-drawing, rustic folk-lore, and historical reminiscence. He has seen Derbyshire in every aspect, and what he has to say about it is pleasantly told. One longs to take a month's vacation strolling about these charming vales and "peaks," visiting Haddon Hall, Chatsworth, and a score of less famous but almost as interesting places. The book is beautifully made—a well-bound quarto of broad page, with many finely reproduced large photographs. (George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.)

The latest republication by Mr. J. M. Dent is, in selection and workmanship, one of the most charming pieces of book-making which has yet come from his admirable press. It is *The Temple Shakespeare*, to be published at the rate of two volumes monthly, a volume to be devoted to each play; the text that of the Cambridge Shakespeare, edited by Mr. Israel Golancz, with notes and glossary. The books are of pocket size, but the page is square; the text rubricated and printed from a large, clear type, each volume containing a photogravure frontispiece. These little books are, in their way, models of artistic book-making. (Macmillan & Co., New York.)

Literary Notes

—The entire first English edition of Mr. Hardy's "Life's Little Ironies" was sold in advance of publication.

—Over two thousand magazines are published in Great Britain, of which about one-fourth are of a religious character.

—The Russian painter Verestchagin has written a romance of war life, which will appear simultaneously in Russian and German.

—Mr. Blackmore's days are devoted to gardening or to rowing on the Thames, and only his evenings are given to novel-writing.

—New neighbors of Tennyson's "Haslemere," in Surrey, are Mr. and Mrs. Humphry Ward, who, when in London, live in Russell Square.

—Dr. Conan Doyle's new novel is to be called "The Stark Monro Letters." The author promises a collection of medical stories for next autumn.

—Mr. Lecky, the historian, has been elected to fill the place on the Committee of the London Library made vacant by the death of Watkiss Lloyd.

—"Gyp," that clever but unpleasant French novelist, is the daughter of the late Comte de Mirabeau, and a grandniece of the great statesman and parliamentary orator of the Revolution.

—Professor Felix Dahn, of Breslau, whose sixtieth birthday was celebrated last month, is better known as the author of the popular "Kampf um Rom," which has gone through twenty editions, than as the producer of any other of his ninety volumes.

—Mr. G. W. Smalley makes the excellent suggestion that American and English publishers should adopt the French custom of printing first, second, and third "thousand" on their publications, instead of the unmeaning "edition," which may indicate anything from three hundred to a thousand copies.

—The most powerful work of the Parisian literary season just past has been "Demi-Vierges," by M. Marcel Prévost, a young novelist brought out by M. Brunetière, the new editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes." The book has even been compared with the works of M. Alphonse Daudet—rather high praise for a beginner to receive.

—Maarten Maartens, or, to be more exact, Mr. J. M. H. van der Poorten Schwartz, the Dutch novelist, whose last story, "The Greater Glory," appeared in the columns of The Outlook, has been spending the winter at the Château de Sully, near Vevey, Switzerland. His new tale will be published in "The Graphic" during 1895.

—A readable and laudable little monthly paper is now being issued by the Fleming H. Revell Company, entitled "Books and Authors." Reviews of the firm's own publications naturally occupy a prominent place therein, but some space is given to the books of other houses. The special field of this paper will be in the discussion of religious books.

—Mr. Richard Le Gallienne has English, French, Scotch, and Irish blood flowing in his veins. He was born and educated in Liverpool. While an accountant's clerk, he published "My Lady's Sonnets" at his own expense. He then became private secretary to Mr. Wilson Barrett, the actor, before adopting literature as a profession. Mr. Le Gallienne's last book, "The Religion of a Literary Man," has brought him more fame than all his other efforts put together.

—Ex-President White has purchased and presented to the Sage School of Philosophy at Cornell University the Spinoza collection, which includes all works by the Dutch philosopher himself, and nearly all by Spinozists, none of any value being lacking. The list of complete editions is without a break, thus for the first time bringing together the four editions of Spinoza's monumental work, "Tractatus Theologico-Politicus." Finally, the collection includes all the known portraits of the philosopher.

—Among the books announced for immediate publication by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of this city, is a translation of a new book by the French writer Charles Wagner, whose "Youth" is now in its second edition. The title of the new book is "Courage." The same publishers will issue "Links in a Chain," a story by Miss Briscoe, the author of "Perchance to Dream," and one of The Outlook's contributors; it consists of five short stories, distinct, and yet connected like "links in a chain" into a whole with unity.

—Two of the younger members of the French Academy, the Vicomte de Vogüé, who has done so much towards the Neo-Christian movement in France, and Professor Lavisse, whose lectures and histories have so developed a genuine and unhysterical Gallic patriotism, were main forces in inducing the recent election to the Academy of Ferdinand Brunetière, the new editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," whose splendidly elaborate course on French literature-history, given annually at the École Normale, has combined with the two foregoing movements the present reaction against naturalism.

[For list of Books Received see page 602]

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With Our Readers

Correspondence

"The Rights of Reformers"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have read with much interest the Rev. Dr. J. H. Ecob's deliverance on "The Rights of Reformers" (Outlook, March 24). Dr. Ecob's contributions to the discussion of living questions (and he never discusses dead ones) are always pointed and vigorous, and well worthy the attention they receive. Nevertheless, after reading his article, I am still constrained to class myself among those tyrants of the "outrageous majority" whose slings and arrows have for these many years glanced harmlessly from the good Doctor's coat of mail. I still insist that the reformer's work must be constructive as well as destructive, and I refuse to follow in any cause even so valiant a leader as Dr. Ecob has shown himself to be, till that cause shall appeal to some higher instinct in mankind than that of mere demolition. I admit that such charges were brought against the anti-slavery agitators; it was said that their reform was a purely negative one; and do we not know to our cost to-day, after a generation of freedom, that history has vindicated those charges? Had Lincoln lived, or had his policy of reconstruction prevailed, the elevation of a race from bondage might not have proved so slow and costly a process; but with thousands of blacks in the South to-day conditions are but little better than in slavery times, because we abolished the old régime—and had nothing better to put in its place.

As to the dress reform movement of the day, I take it that all its leaders are doing the very thing that Dr. Ecob seems to think they are not called upon to do—offering substitutes for what they seek to take away. I do not understand that any one of them asks her followers to go without clothes.

Finally, the vials of the Doctor's wrath are emptied over his fellow temperance reformers who meekly ask whether something cannot be put in the place of the saloon. "Nothing, gentlemen conservatives; absolutely nothing. If I kill a rattlesnake, I am in no fever to make his place good in the general economy of nature. The saloon is just as deadly a foe in the moral world. Believe me, my brother temperance reformers, our sole business is to kill the snake." How convenient it is to pass responsibility on to future generations! The plea that workingmen must have some refuge from their miserable homes is characterized as "maudlin." Perhaps it is; but what shall we say of the thousands of homeless people in our great cities? By all means let us try to make the homes better, whether the saloons go or stay; but let us do something for those who now have no homes at all, in any true sense of the word, and who resort to the saloons because the saloons have something to offer them. While we are defending the rights of the reformers, would it not be well to heed more carefully the claims of those whose condition they are trying to reform?

W. B. S.

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Work in Harmony

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Church has long been considering how it may reach the masses. It seems to me that an unusual opportunity for taking a step in that direction now presents itself. Most Christians are making extra gifts to such charities as undertake the relief of the destitute poor.

At a time like this, when there are so many who want work and therefore want bread, all are doubtless giving what they can, but most of our bread-giving is through the morning newspaper or some bureau or mission outside of the church proper. To the very poor, for whom our gifts are intended, the Church is a mere abstraction, of which they know little and for which they care less. It can be of no use to them while they live. The minister may be called in when they are dead, but so long as they remain in the flesh they have no ore use for the Church than for the police. This is the way a large portion of the "unchurched masses" think about the Church when they think at all. Perhaps in time, when the Church learns to give its care to the physical and intellectual as well as to the spiritual improvement of all those who are or might be brought within its influence, this may not be so, for then there will be no "unchurched masses" in the sense in which we use that word to-day. The opportunity I speak of lies here. If, during this season of distress, all the gifts of charity now being poured out by Christian people went through the Church, and were by it distributed wisely and effectively among the needy poor, it would at once awaken a sympathy among these people for the Church.

It would bring the Church to the masses in a way to show them clearly that it had their well-being at heart. Then Christians could give their charity in Christ's name, and the Church would be following the example of its Master when he was upon the earth in caring for the body as well as for the spirit. Most of the charities are maintained by Christians, yet Christ does not get the glory.

It is time this were remedied. Each church has a Board of Deacons or almoners organized for the express purpose of dispensing charity, and by these working in harmony a whole community could be covered. In this way we would teach men that the Church is not a cold and formal body whose only function is the maintenance of stated worship, but an organization of warm hearts bound together by love to God, and ready, in His name, to hold out a helping hand to any needy member of the great brotherhood of man.

To this end all our giving should be through the Church, and the Church should see to its wise distribution.

J. S. V.

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The Parliament of Religions and the Federation of the World

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The World's Parliament of Religions was a unique event in human history. It was a dividing-line between the past era of racial divisions and antagonisms and a future consummation of universal brotherhood—the solidarity of the human race.

It laid a practical foundation for such a union by adopting the enrollment formula of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity "as a suitable bond with which to begin the federation of the world on a Christian basis." The formula reads as follows: "For the purpose of uniting with all who desire to serve God and their fellow-men under the inspiration of the life and teachings of Jesus Christ, I hereby enroll myself as a member of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity."

This action of the Christian delegates of the Parliament opens a new way by which every one can do something to promote the reunion of Christendom.

Joining the Brotherhood of Christian Unity leads the mind from doctrine to Christ.

It does not interfere with individual faith or church relationships.

It supplies a platform upon which all can unite for the larger Christian enterprises of the community—the founding and sustaining of hospitals, orphan asylums, boys' and girls' clubs, free kindergartens—and for the promotion of temperance and the purification of politics.

In addition to all these benefits, it is at the same time the beginning of a world-wide brotherhood in Jesus Christ.

The scholastic discussions of the Middle Ages led Christianity away from the simplicity of its Founder's teaching, and from the simplicity of life that would naturally grow out of them. The consequence is that society has become infinitely complex, and the burdens of life are greater than its joys. What can be done to right the wrong, to bring Christ's peace out of our social chaos? Can any better way be imagined than just this: for those who are in earnest, who love Christ more than sect, who believe that it is righteousness alone that exalteth a nation, who desire to live and to help others to live a heavenly life instead of a worldly life—for all such to know each other, to plan and work together for the promotion of Christ's kingdom in the earth? This is the work of the Brotherhood of Christian Unity. The federation of the world is begun wherever people agree to follow Christ, and to respect each other's personal beliefs and experiences.

Blank cards of enrollment will be sent, postpaid, for ten cents a dozen. Address the writer of this article at East Orange, N. J.

THEODORE F. SEWARD.

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The Joys of Vegetarianism

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In connection with the wakening interest in vegetarianism, a curious point in my own experience comes to mind. Though scarcely myself carrying out the full idea of the system, inasmuch as fish and eggs form an important part of my diet, the fact occasions surprise that neither the excessive heat of summer nor the extreme cold of winter is realized to the same degree as when animal food is eaten. Meat, as we all know, has the tendency to produce inflammation in the system; consequently, it is quite apparent why the heat of summer should be oppressive and debilitating, but why the cold of winter should be less keenly felt is something for which to account is difficult. Indeed, so entirely would this appear to be a matter of the imagination that one might hesitate even to speak of it were it not that the experience has been shared by many.

One hesitates also, even in behalf of a reform, at making so bold an assertion as to declare that human life is prolonged by abstinence from animal food; but there can be no doubt that the period of keen enjoyment—the heyday of life—is greatly lengthened by following the vegetarian idea, experience proving as it does that the body nourished without meat retains its original proportions, its suppleness and elasticity. No vegetarian was ever known to suffer from obesity. If a beautiful woman at forty is obliged to give up dancing, to give up tennis, to give up walking, because she weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, is life the same thing to her that it would be without this burden of weight? Is it not a pity to sit down in the very prime and beauty of one's existence to question whether life is worth living? The sitting down, and the lugubrious thought, to say nothing of the meat constantly eaten, only add to the cause of the troubles; the fast-increasing avoirdupois not only making pleasure a thing of the past, but causing the object of life, in its full achievement of good, to become an impossibility.

E. C. B.

New York City.

Notes and Queries

What course do you advise to the friends of a young person who has been for years "firm in the faith," a Sunday-school teacher, leader in Christian Endeavor work, but who, from wishing to "broaden her life," to "hear both sides," to "become more liberal," etc., and from reading and listening to arguments against Christ's divinity, is drifting into unbelief and unspirituality, giving up work, and losing ground? I beg you will help us. She declines to talk with her pastor; says the "ministers know very little," etc.

A SUBSCRIBER OF YEARS.

"The friends" are seldom able to do much for one who has thus drifted away from her moorings. Generally speaking, only one who has experienced doubts and overcome them can aid the doubter. If the one you refer to is open-minded, and willing to read, we would suggest a tract published by the American Unitarian Association (Boston), "Our Common Christianity," by Dean Stanley; also another book of the same publishers, "Steps of Belief," by James Freeman Clarke; also a little book by C. A. Row, "Manual of Christian Evidences" (Thomas Whittaker, New York).

Why are the Greek words *en oikia*, in the eleventh chapter of First Cor., thirty-fourth verse, translated "at home"? It means simply "at house," and, judging from the previous verses, I think we may safely translate it "at *your* house." The Church is first rebuked for not providing for those not having houses (verse 22), and then the argument winds up with "If any man hunger in house, let him eat." The present translation, "at home," seems a contradic-

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tion of the previous argument. To command those who have no houses to eat *at home* is foolish. Why make the Apostle give an impossible command?
H. M. I.

The command is addressed to those whose excesses Paul was correcting, who feasted on the viands they had brought with them, so as to make the poor feel envious and uncomfortable. The translation is perfectly correct. If these inordinate feasters would feast at home, the common supper would be with desirable simplicity and good feeling. This supper was the love-feast (*agape*), which was originally observed in connection with the eucharist, but was discontinued at length on account of abuses.

The writings of what authors would you recommend as being the most able and reasonable treatment of the evidences of immortality, or the future life? And of what publishers can such works be obtained? L. E. P.

"The History of the Doctrine of a Future Life," by W. R. Alger (Roberts Brothers, Boston), is an encyclopedic treatment of the subject. The most recent arguments on the evidences of immortality are given in two discourses, to be found in small volumes entitled "New Points to Old Texts" and the "Law of Liberty" (Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York).

In connection with last Sunday's Sunday-school lesson (Jacob at Bethel) occurs this problem: Through what channel or in what manner would Jacob give one-tenth of his income (or possibly his property) to the Lord? This was years before the Tabernacle with its treasury was established. A Teacher.

It is tradition rather than history which ascribes to Jacob the dedication of the tenth, which was instituted long afterwards by the Mosaic laws; and, as tradition is silent as to how he carried it out, we must content ourselves with the narrative as it stands.

Kindly tell me: 1. What book is most relied upon by Christian Scientists to propagate their views? 2. What book gives the most complete survey of their system? 3. What is the best work against the teachings of Christian Science? 4. Has any work been written on this subject from the standpoint of the Broad Church teachings? G. E. W.

1 and 2. There are several schools among the Christian Scientists, but the leading school is represented by Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, and her book, "Science and Health," is its recognized exponent. 3. "Faith-Healing," by Dr. J. M. Buckley (The Century Company, New York). 4. We do not know of any.

1. Please tell me what you think of Keil's Commentaries on the Old Testament. 2. Do you prefer Keil or Lange for exegesis? X. Y. Z.

1. The Keil-Delitzsch series is as good as anything there is on the Old Testament. 2. On the whole, there is little ground, if any, for preference.

A. B.—In the quotation you give from Peloubet's Notes on the Sunday-school lesson for January 21 there must be some misprint as to the possible number of Adam's descendants in the time stated (we have not the book at hand), but there is no doubt about there being other people with whom Cain in exile might meet.

A. K.—We think, taking the whole story of Jacob, it is clear that he left home because he feared his brother's anger, though he went with his father's forgiveness and blessing, despite the fraud he had practiced on his father; but Genesis xxxv., 27–29, does indicate that Jacob found his father alive upon his return.

J. B.—Your recent inquiry, What is the soul? you will find answered under date of February 24. We do not know any work that answers the question in that way. For a discussion of the resurrection see "Beyond the Shadow" (Thomas Whittaker, Bible House, New York).

Where can I find the original from which the inclosed quotation is an extract?

"As time runs on, the road grows strange,
With faces new, and near the end, milestones
Into headstones change, 'neath every one a friend."
C. H. P.

"N. F. L.," who, in The Outlook for February 24, asks, "When and by whom was the Apostles' Creed first adopted and given to the world?" will find an answer in Mrs. Humphry Ward's article in the July, '93, "Nineteenth Century." C. G. H.

The Exhibition of the Society of American Artists

Let us say at once that the exhibition of this Society in New York City is disappointing. There is one very great canvas, and only one. Mr. Chase's superb "Portrait of Mrs. C." is not only much the noblest work among all the notable ones which have come from his magisterial brush, but is surely one of the best of modern portraits. It fitly has the chief place in the Vanderbilt gallery of the Fifty-seventh Street building, a place recently occupied by Anders Zorn's garish if striking portrait. What a restful contrast! Against flat tones, the President of the American Artists' Society has painted a full-length standing figure in white cashmere shawl and black silk dress, the studied simplicity of which well accords with the face's serenity and strength. Calmness, conquest, dignity, refinement, purity, nobility, nothing is lacking to the impression of high character. Such a work is a moral tonic. Turning to other portraiture, we find it on a low level in comparison. Even Mrs. Sears's pasty-faced subject is meaningless. Mr. Hyde's portrait of Dr. Rainsford is fairly good, except the hair; but the picture of another athlete, Mr. Murray Mitchell, the fencer, by Mr. Beckwith, is entirely physical and unpsychological. Men are supposed to have souls as well as bodies, and portraits are of little worth unless they reflect both.

The best figure-picture in the place is certainly Mr. Walker's "The Singers," which has deservedly won the Shaw prize. In drawing, composition, and sentiment it is eminently satisfactory, and its tone is ideal. Mr. Du Mond's over-colored but well-planned "Baptism" shows the Jordan as unattractively sluggish as it is to-day. The crowd is rather impressive; the chief figures never. Mr. Herter's work is defter here than at the Academy show, but what an unsimple painter he is! Mr. Low exhibits a strange production for him, "Aurora," and one much too large. Mrs. Cox's composition, "The Three Fates," must be mentioned because of its almost rhythmic drawing; indeed, the figures would have been more forceful had all color been omitted. In the domain of pure *genre*, the best work is by a young artist, Mr. Ernest Peixotto, who has only just begun to exhibit here, and whose "Scene in Church" shows wonderful strength and repose in handling and in sentiment, a restful change from the staccato methods of some artists. Mr. Franzén's transition in style is refreshing, yet somehow it fails to move the observer.

If the cattle-pieces are poor, and the seascapes nonentities, many of the landscapes are gratifyingly good. Perhaps the most important contribution is Mr. Leonard Ochtman's magnificent "Winter Morning," which yet has grave defects in excess of size and in multiplicity of planes. When will artists learn that a great canvas rarely means a great picture? Speaking of winter scenes, Mr. Hartwich's "March Snow" fairly bristles with merit. Mr. Bolton Jones's "Road Over the Hill" is like a delicious cold bath after all the mawkishness surrounding it; and the quality of color, the spontaneity and yet precision in Mr. Warren Eaton's pictures are apparent. A simple subject has not kept Mr. Platt from painting too heavy clouds hanging over fields whose velvety, aniline green will be rubbed off directly the rain comes. Yet this achievement took the Webb prize. Mr. Abbott Thayer's "Pond" is pleasing enough, but one remembers that he can paint the "Boston Madonna," and is impatient at such a contribution. The grasp of natural facts in Mr. Childe Hassam's pictures is never instinct with subjective feeling, hence their inability to challenge sympathy. This is never true of the canvases of Mr. Birge Harrison; one of them, a work of immense merit, and which made much stir on the other side, has been hung in that absurd room called the West Gallery, whose top-light is an insult to any good painting. Surely President Chase's superb "Shinnecock Hills" was worthy of a better fate.

A study from the nude is the highest art employment; those here, however, are grotesque, vulgar, and even maudlin. If Besnard and Fourié sometimes strike discordant tones, how much more do their followers, Messrs. Reid and Bacher, in their coarseness of fiber and conflict of forced lights! Mr. Kenyon Cox may essay to draw the beautiful; instead, he presents only the clumsy. As for Mr. Denman, despite every color-charm, his gross idea should have been tabooed. Nowhere is the distinction greater between ideal nudity and vulgar nakedness.

Dedication of the N. P. Coburn Library of Colorado College

On the 14th of March the doors of the new Coburn Library of Colorado College were thrown open to the public, and the building was formally dedicated to the uses for which it was designed. It was a day that meant much, not merely to the College, but to the whole Rocky Mountain region, for on that day, as President Harper said in his address, "for the first time in the history of the State of Colorado a building was set apart exclusively for the purposes of a library." In the summer of 1892 Mr. N. P. Coburn, of Newton, Mass., gave Colorado College $50,000 with which to found a library. The plans were carefully drawn by Andrews, Jaques & Rantoul, of Boston, and at the last Commencement the corner-stone was laid; $45,000 has now been expended, and the result is a building of great architectural beauty, by far the finest building of the college group, and well adapted to its uses. It is eighty-five feet long and sixty-five feet wide, constructed of one of the finest building-stones in Colorado, the "peachblow" red sandstone, and roofed with red tile and copper trimmings. The building has a well-lighted basement which will eventually be used as a stock-room for books, but which has been fitted up for present use as a chapel. It will seat five hundred in the pews, and there is room for two hundred extra chairs. The main room of the library contains sixteen alcoves on the floor and in the galleries, each lighted by day by a large window and at night by the electric light. The room is twenty-six feet high, and is finished in red oak, with wrought-iron trimmings. Two large stone fireplaces add greatly to its beauty. Mechanical and artistic skill have done their best to produce a perfect library building.

The dedication services were worthy of the building. They were held at eleven o'clock in the morning, and were attended by about seven hundred people, among whom were many distinguished people from within and without the State. After the introductory services of worship, President Slocum read a short statement reciting the history of the movement that had culminated in the services of dedication, and then introduced President William R. Harper, of Chicago University, who delivered an address such as he alone can give, full of suggestiveness and of large views of educational progress.

At the conclusion of President Harper's address the prayer of dedication was offered by President Taylor, of Vassar College, after which words of greeting were spoken by Chancellor Snow, of the University of Kansas; President Taylor; Chancellor McDowell, of the University of Denver; and President Baker, of the State University of Colorado. After the services of the morning, lunch was served to guests from out of town at Hagerman Hall, the young men's dormitory; and in the afternoon and evening the Trustees and Faculty received about a thousand of their friends in the main hall of the library. So ended a day not soon to be forgotten in the life of Colorado College and the Rocky Mountain region. E. S. P.

—Addressing a well-known Philadelphia club the other evening, Professor Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, himself a negro, related the following as illustrative of the frequent divorce between religion and morality: "An old darky," he said, "arose recently in one of the Southern prayer-meetings and exclaimed: 'Brethren and sistern, I've been having a dreffful time since last we were together. I've been chawing hard bones and swallowing bitter pills. I'm afraid I've broken every one of the ten commandments, but, thank the Lord, I haven't lost my religion!'"

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About People

—A well-known maxim of Dr. Zakharin, the Czar's physician, is: "Take a rest before you are tired."

—It is a curious fact that the Italian Prime Minister and the ex-Premier of England are both preparing for operations at the hands of eminent oculists.

—Mr. George W. Childs Drexel, the new editor and publisher of the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," is perhaps the youngest man to occupy such a position in connection with any of our great daily newspapers.

—It is a surprising fact that among the eminent English scientists who were not university men are Priestley, Sir Humphry Davy, Faraday, Sir David Brewster, Sir Roderick Murchison, Professors Huxley and Tyndall.

—Miss Thompson, of "Roll-Call" fame, is now Lady Butler, and lives at Aldershot with her husband, General Sir William Butler, and their five children. She is at present painting a Waterloo scene for the Royal Academy exhibition.

—William II. has requested Signor Leoncavallo, the composer of "I Pagliacci" and "I Medici," to write a patriotic work for the Berlin Opera, taking as his subject an episode in old Brandenburg history, and the Elector Frederick II. as his principal character.

—The death of Kossuth adds interest to the bill which has already been introduced in the Hungarian Parliament to remove the remains of Francis Rakoczy, the patriot, from Constantinople to Hungary. Rakoczy died in exile at Rodosto, on the Sea of Marmora, in 1735.

—On Sunday, April 1, the Rev. Peter O'Callaghan, a graduate of Harvard, will preach in the chapel of that University. Although a Roman Catholic priest has before this conducted a service in Appleton Chapel, it will be the first time that a Catholic has ever preached there.

—September 2, the eightieth birthday of Professor Ernst Curtius, will be appropriately celebrated by both the Greek and German Governments, in addition to which former pupils have decided to have a bust made which will be placed in the entrance-hall of the Olympia Museum.

—By means of a phonograph a message from the late Cardinal Manning was heard for the first time the other day in London. The words were as characteristic as they were distinctly audible: "To all who may come after me: I hope that no word of mine, written or spoken in my life, will be found to have done harm to any one after I am dead."

—Mr. Martin, of the "Electrical Engineer," calls attention to the fact that the old saying that among the one hundred and twenty-five million Slavs in eastern Europe there was not one who could invent even a mouse-trap, is disproved by that wonderful Servian electrician, Nikola Tesla, now in this country, and whose investigations have attracted the attention of the foremost scientists everywhere.

—At a late meeting of the "Sociological Group," the Rev. Dr. William Chauncy Langdon asked to be relieved from the duties of the secretaryship, which, as one of the constituent members of that body, he had discharged from its origin in 1888. In acceding to this request, based as it was on considerations of Dr. Langdon's health, Professor Courtney Langdon, of Brown University, was chosen to be Secretary of the Group.

—The present Governor of Wisconsin, Mr. George W. Peck, is known to fame as publisher of the Milwaukee "Sun" and as the author of "Peck's Bad Boy," as well as by his political success. His discovery is due to "Brick Pomeroy," who says: "I was publishing my 'Democrat' at La Crosse, Wis., before the war, when I noticed, in an obscure country newspaper, some extremely clever paragraphs. I learned that Peck wrote them, and I wrote to him offering him $25 a week to come down to La Crosse and work for me. The next day I got this telegram: 'Mark M. Pomeroy, La Crosse —I accept your offer quicker than instantly. For heaven's sake don't withdraw it!'"

—Only one Harvard President, Edward Holyoke (1737–1769), has served longer than Dr. Eliot, who will finish the twenty-fifth year of his term this summer. In a letter to the various Harvard Clubs throughout the country Lieutenant-Governor Roger Wolcott says:

In the great development of university instruction President Eliot has played the leading part. In his mind it was initiated, and to his courage and ability is chiefly due its successful realization. It has, therefore, seemed proper to members of President Eliot's class, and to others of the alumni, that the distinguished service thus rendered to American education should be fittingly commemorated, and to this end informal meetings have been held, at the last of which the following votes were adopted: That a gold medal be struck to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his accession to the presidency, to be presented at the dinner of the alumni on next Commencement Day. That a committee of fifty or more be appointed, with full power, to execute this purpose, and also to consider, and, if expedient, act upon, some plan to make the commemoration of lasting benefit to the University, by raising a fund to establish fellowships, or for other desirable objects.

Literature as a Business

Under the title "Talks with the Trade," a writer in "Lippincott's" says:

"There is a young grocer on the corner who has just started, and is as anxious to get on as any young writer. He, too, is poor, as beginners are apt to be. He has a wife and two babies to support, and an old mother and an invalid sister. He is a kindly fellow, and likes to bear his share of the parson's salary, and to put something on the plate for missions, and to send a bag of flour or a peck of potatoes now and then to the rheumatic widow in the back alley. But he does not mention these facts in his advertisements, nor base his appeal for custom upon them; he knows he would be laughed at if he did. No: he aims to draw customers by giving as good an article for the money as they can get elsewhere.

"Thackeray pointed out long ago that literature is a trade. It may be more intellectual than most other trades; should it therefore be any less honest? Is it quite honest, sisters and brethren, to drag sentiment into a business matter, to appeal to the sympathy of acquaintances or the compassion of strangers, and try to vend your wares on any other basis than their own merits? If your lucubrations have merit (of a marketable kind), they will find a market sooner or later; if not, they ought to remain unprinted and unknown. No editor who understands his business is going to take them simply because he values you as a friend or is sorry for you as a stranger; if he does, he wastes the money of his firm and puts mercy before justice—which is not the Biblical order of the virtues."

Books Received

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO., PHILADELPHIA

Sempers, Frank W. Injurious Insects and the Use of Insecticides.

GINN & CO., BOSTON

Wentworth, G. A., and G. A. Hill. An Examination Manual in Plane Geometry. 55 cts.

S. C. GRIGGS & CO., CHICAGO

Bryant, W. M. A Syllabus of Ethics, and Ethics and the New Education.

HARPER & BROS., NEW YORK

Davis, R. H. Our English Cousins. $1.25.
Black, William. Donald Ross of Heimra. 80 cts.
The Jewish Question. $1.75.
Westall, William. For Honor and Life. $1.25.
Hardy, Thomas. Life's Little Ironies. $1.25.
Holmes, Eleanor. The Price of a Pearl. 50 cts.

D. C. HEATH & CO., BOSTON

Deering, Robert Waller, Ph.D. Wilhelm Tell. 65 cts.

C. H. KERR & CO., CHICAGO

Welcome, S. B. From Earth's Center. 25 cts.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO., PHILADELPHIA

Abbott, C. C. Travels in a Tree-Top. $1.25.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO., NEW YORK

Creighton, M., D.D., Oxon. and Cam. A History of the Papacy. $5.
Holland, Rev. Henry Scott, M.A. God's City. $2.

MACMILLAN & CO., NEW YORK

Crockett, S. R. The Raiders. $1.50.
Crawford, F. Marion. Katharine Lauderdale. 2 Vols. $2.
Westcott, B. F. Bishop Lightfoot. $1.25.
James, W. P. Romantic Professions. $2.
The Tempest (The Temple Shakespeare). 40 cts.
Alexander, W. F. Selected Letters of Mendelssohn. 90 cts.
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For fifteen years Mrs. D. A. Lincoln has been eminent as a teacher of cookery and lecturer on Domestic Science, and a receipt for entire-wheat bread from such authority will be welcomed, not only by the large circle of pupils and friends, but by the public generally. In a recent lecture she says:

"I want to do all I can to urge people to use the entire-wheat flour, for such flour contains the nutritious part of the wheat. And yet entire-wheat bread is not perfection when raised with yeast, for the yeast-plant is not always killed in the baking, and often it continues to grow in the stomach, producing fermentation, thus causing dyspepsia."

Peptik bread—bread made by the following receipt—contains no yeast germs, is more wholesome than yeast bread, and can be made ready for the oven in ten minutes, without the hands touching the dough.

PEPTIK GRAHAM BREAD

For one loaf:

3 cups Entire-Wheat flour,
1 cup white flour,
1½ teaspoonfuls salt,
2½ teaspoonfuls Cleveland's baking powder.

Put these ingredients in a bowl, mix well with a spoon. Make a well in center, pour in one large tablespoonful Orleans molasses dissolved in one pint of water. With a large spoon stir quickly and thoroughly together.

When all the flour is wet, stir it a moment longer, then turn at once into a well-greased baking-pan four inches wide, four inches deep, and eight inches long. Smooth the top of the dough with a knife dipped in melted butter.

Bake at once, in a moderate oven, one hour and a quarter. As soon as baked, remove from the pan, sprinkle with water, and wrap in a bread-cloth until cool.

We are greatly pleased to know that Mrs. Lincoln and other teachers of cookery are making and recommending Peptik Graham Bread—*i. e.*, bread made of entire-wheat flour and raised with Cleveland's Baking Powder. The receipts for making Peptik Bread, both White and Graham, are copyrighted, but they will be found on page 47 of our cook-book, sent free on receipt of stamp and address.

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Happy are they who have but one clock in the house! It is extremely desirable that there should be one clock on the premises, so that meals should be served regularly and promptly, and that the children should know just when to go to school; but two or more clocks are a weariness to the flesh, and will not be tolerated by any head of a family who once comes to a realizing sense of the utter hopelessness of inducing any two clocks to keep company for three days running, and who has the courage of his convictions. There is some ground for believing that when the Psalmist begged the Lord to give him neither poverty nor riches, he had been wrestling with the task of making half a dozen clocks keep together and had been violently thrown. What he meant was: "For real comfort give me just one clock and no more."

It might be thought that if there were anything that would keep time it would be clocks, if for no other reason than that this is their business. But the trouble is, they do not attend to business. The pure cussedness of inanimate things is exemplified nowhere so cantankerously as in clocks that ought to run together in harmony from Sunday to Sunday, but which, as a rule, make a point of running ahead, or behind, so as to confuse the members of the family, and cause them to reach places behind time, or to strain their nervous systems unnecessarily for fear they are going to be late. There seems to be distinct malice in their little sprinting rivalries, because the clock that skips ahead one week will sneak to the rear the next, and thus betray those who have been trying to make "corrected time" by the assistance of the town clock. There is no method whatever in the madness of these false time-servers. They are wretched freaks and mischief-makers.

Of course we do not mean to assert that clocks never behave themselves, and never strike unanimously, like a well-regulated trade-union. There are men so methodical in their habits, and so successful in enforcing discipline in their well-ordered households, that no clock capable of running down after being wound up would entertain for an instant the frivolous idea of getting out of step with any other clock in such a house. But, as a rule, "Time travels in divers places with divers persons," as sweet Rosalind told Orlando, there in the wood, and as the clocks in our libraries, dining-rooms, sitting-rooms, drawing-rooms, and bedrooms do plainly bear witness. And if any reader of the "Commercial" feels any curiosity to know "who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, and who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal," he may find out easily by visiting certain householders in Buffalo (whose address will be furnished upon application at the counting-office), who have the misfortune to own an assortment of highly ornamental clocks.

We all know how they look, the shameless things, standing up there on the mantelpieces, with their hands before their faces as if blushing for their gross irregularities: the demure black marble, the jaunty French china with the gay shepherdess and her festive swain, the classic Greek temple in alabaster, and the pretentious modern bronze affair that seems to have been turned out of molds by the thousand. They are familiar figures, and it is only because they are familiar, because they are old residents and are endeared by domestic associations, that they have not been dismissed in disgrace long ago.

Another chapter might be written concerning the contagious immorality of clocks that are addicted to telling lies about the time o' day, but enough has been said to show that in a multitude of clocks there is no safety. When clocks disagree within a range of a quarter of an hour, who shall decide? Their contradictions and dissensions undermine faith, and their conduct is not to be justified even by good works. The wise man, in the reform days coming, will take unto himself but one clock, even as he will take but one wife.—*Buffalo Commercial.*

He Kept It at Seventy

The Oshkosh and Fond du Lac papers are disputing over which city is responsible for the janitor of the following story:

When the fires were started in one of the public schools, the principal in charge placed in the hands of the janitor a thermometer, with the injunction to see that the mercury always registered seventy degrees. One day, during the recent cold snap, the temperature of the rooms became uncomfortably chilly, and the principal hunted up the janitor to find out the cause. "Didn't you understand that you were to keep the thermometer at seventy degrees?" he inquired of that gentleman. "I have kept it at seventy," was the reply. "Where is it?" asked the teacher, wishing to see if the janitor was correct. "There it is," replied the janitor; "that's the only place where it will stay at seventy." It was standing on the hot-air register.

"I don't like to appear vain," said the wall to the picture, "but you'll be stuck on me pretty soon." "I'll be hanged if I do," retorted the picture.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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Financial

There has been no shipment of gold this week past, and there has been a falling off in the demand for sterling bills, which makes it probable that no shipments of the yellow metal will be made at present. Should a fresh demand be made of Europe for gold by Austria, however, in further preparation for her contemplated resumption of specie payments, it would probably stimulate drafts by Germany on London, and create, responsively, a sharp demand on our reserves. The abandonment of additional purchasing of silver here, by the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act, and the discontinuance of free coinage of silver by India, has greatly stimulated the mining of gold all over the world. New gold discoveries are being made in Colorado and California especially, so that it is reasonable to anticipate that the world's gold supply may soon reach the point at which it stood a generation ago.

Granger stocks and also the Texas and Southwestern securities and shares have improved, on account of the anticipated settlement of traffic rates by the different systems of railways in the Northwest and Southwest. The Eastern traffic rates, too, have been considerably demoralized, but it is believed that terms of settlement between the different lines have been agreed to. Meantime business is mending in various parts of the country, though slowly; the general bareness of distributing markets in most descriptions of domestic manufactures has finally forced a widening production, though the demand is comparatively limited, and from hand to mouth. The Tariff Bill is now before the Senate, having been reported to that body by its Finance Committee. The disagreements concerning certain features of the bill as reported promise to protract the debate for a number of weeks, and leave the final result in great doubt. This doubt concerns the industrial stocks in the market, and leaves the field open for wide speculation as to whether favorable or unfavorable conditions will ultimately prevail. The chief feature in question relates to the tariff on sugar, on which there is a radical divergence of opinion. Wheat is still at the low figures. Exports of this cereal are not large, but the foreign movement of corn is rather extraordinary, as well as of cotton and general provisions, resulting in a good percentage of increase in merchandise exports over last year in the corresponding month. There has been an improvement in prices in both the stock and bond markets, with exceptions.

Preliminary steps are being taken by committees appointed for reorganizing the Chicago and Northern Pacific road and the Toledo, Ann Arbor, and North Michigan Railway Company, while progress is being made in other reorganization schemes.

The anthracite coal trade is rather flat, and production is being restricted. The prices for manufactured iron are at a very low ebb, so low that contracts are being made by many who have held off for the bottom prices.

The bank statement is as follows:

Loans, increase	$2,516,300
Specie, increase	69,400
Legal tender, increase	2,755,700
Deposits, increase	4,199,000
Reserve, increase	1,775,350

This gives the city banks a surplus reserve of $79,077,650.

Money is flat at 1 per cent. on call, and 2 to 4 per cent. on short and long time respectively, and on fair collateral.

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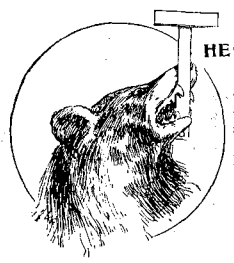

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An Arctic Trade Route

For twenty years, says the New York "Sun," a sturdy British sea-captain named Wiggins, in spite of criticisms and discouragements, has urged the availability of the Kara Sea as a trade route to Siberia. In 1874, on the steamer Diana, he made his first voyage around the northern coast of Norway, through the narrow Yugor Strait, and across the Arctic waters to the Yenissei River. Other navigators followed him, and up to the past season twenty-three successful trips have been made from ports in Great Britain.

Wiggins deserves the credit of being the only navigator who stuck to the work and systematically studied all the aspects of navigating these northern waters. He has finally solved the problem of crossing the Kara Sea with merchant vessels every summer. There have been some failures, but all were due to mistakes in navigation or to vessels not well adapted for such seas. Experience has demonstrated the important fact that, while iron steamers and sailing vessels, under favorable conditions, may accomplish the feat, regular success can be assured only by using wooden Arctic steamers, so that even in very unfavorable years a passage may be forced.

There was great rejoicing in western Siberia last fall, for the largest fleet that ever braved the Kara Sea made the voyage successfully. Six vessels composed this important expedition, and two of them, after reaching the Yenissei, ascended the river for 1,500 miles to the city of Yenisseisk. Three of these vessels were owned and manned by the Russian Government, and all were under the command of Captain Wiggins. One vessel was the Orestes, a powerful steamer of 2,500 tons burden, loaded with rails for the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The success of the Orestes in making the round trip in one season has shown that the trade need not be confined, as hitherto, to small vessels of the Labrador class, and of merely 500 tons burden, but that large merchant steamers may safely engage in it.

Captain Wiggins has at last inspired confidence in this route. Last year, for the first time, a steam pleasure yacht was with the fleet. The vessel was specially strengthened for Arctic navigation, and had two ladies among her passengers. The voyage to the mouth of the Siberian river was unimpeded, and a part of the rails and a lot of gold-mining machinery were at once taken up the river on two of the Russian vessels. They had sailed from England under command of Russian naval officers, and there was great enthusiasm in the big Siberian town as the people saw the first Russian fleet from the Atlantic Ocean, manned by their countrymen and flying the imperial flag, safely anchored before their city. Banquets, fireworks, speeches, and balls filled nearly a week, and Captain Wiggins was the lion of the hour. These vessels were light-draught steamers, or they could not have ascended the Yenissei. They reached their destination on October 23, and will engage hereafter in the Government river service.

The traffic between western Europe and Siberia by the Kara Sea route is fairly and firmly established. The Russian Government has already contracted for the dispatch next summer of 17,000 tons of rails for the railroad. A large business in general freight is also expected.

Royalty on Runners

The unhappy Ludwig of Bavaria, who was drowned some years ago, was, says "Harper's Young People," the first King of modern times who made a business of reviving the splendid trappings of royalty used in olden times on so extensive a scale. With him everything in the line of furnishings had to be gilt, or of the most precious material obtainable for the purpose. His passion for erecting fantastic castles and villas made him a bankrupt, and these buildings are now used for show purposes only.

Some of the finest specimens of this sort of decoration built by the order of King Ludwig are the various carriages and sleighs designed for the King's use on state occasions. Among them is a sleigh which attracts the attention of all lovers of the picturesque. It is a very gorgeous means of conveyance, rich with precious metals, splendid furs, and all the modern improvements money can command.

Seated behind its high glass windows, enveloped in stately robes, the half-crazy monarch used to ride over the dangerous passes of the Alps before daylight. His horses wore a string of small electric lights on their collars. Electric lights were also fastened to the helmets and caps of the cavalrymen that galloped in front of the sleigh.

"The mad King is coming," the poor peasants used to say, for they had learned to expect him on any extremely dark night, if the moon were not shining.

Obituary

Hugh O'Neill, Jr.

On Monday evening, March 19, Hugh O'Neill, Jr., the only son of Hugh O'Neill, the well-known dry-goods merchant of this city, died, after one week's illness, at the residence of his parents, 143 West Fifty-seventh Street, of pneumonia. The funeral services took place at the Calvary Baptist Church, West Fifty-seventh Street, adjoining the residence of Mr. O'Neill, on Thursday, March 22, at 1 P.M., and were largely attended. Preceding the removal of the body from the house, a touching prayer was offered by the Rev. G. H. Smyth, of East Orange, an uncle of the deceased. The public services at the church immediately followed, the employees of H. O'Neill & Co. being present in a body. The services were conducted by the following clergymen: The Rev. Dr. Kennedy, the Rev. Dr. MacArthur, the Rev. Dr. Kitteridge, the Rev. Dr. Young, the Rev. Dr. McClurkin, and the Rev. Mr. Carson.

Dr. MacArthur offered prayer; the Rev. Dr. Kitteridge read several beautiful passages from the Scriptures; the Rev. Dr. James Kennedy made a feeling address to the young persons present, taking for his text the sterling characteristics of the dead.

Dr. Young made an eloquent address, and being a close personal friend of the deceased, his remarks, coming as they did from personal knowledge and close observation of the young man's life and character, impressed the large congregation deeply, and many a tear was shed in sympathy with the family in their deep affliction, while Dr. Young delivered his touching eulogy.

The body was taken by special train to Bronxville, on the Harlem Railroad, where the interment was made.

The deceased would have completed his eighteenth year on the twenty-first of June next, and his promise of future usefulness in the Church and the world was great. Carefully reared and surrounded by Christian influences, he early took interest in matters pertaining to the development of character in himself and others. A leader in Christian Endeavor work, and a regular member of the Loyal Legion Temperance Society, he brought to his work all the energy of his youth. He was a loving son and brother, and in the midst of the delirium of his illness his few conscious moments were given to assuring his sorrowing parents and sisters that he did not fear death. He would have completed his education next June, and would have gone into the great establishment of his father, and in time have become his worthy successor. He was a member, with his parents, of the Fourth Reformed Presbyterian Church, West Forty-eighth Street, of which the Rev. Dr. James Kennedy is pastor.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate
For the Tired Brain
from over-exertion. Try it.

RUBIFOAM
Removes all uncleanliness from the teeth, prevents decay, is deliciously flavored, free from acid. The friend of men, women, and children.
Sample vial free. E. W. HOYT & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25 cents.
A Perfect Liquid Dentifrice

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AT MIDNIGHT

of that enemy of children—Croup—has often fulfilled its deatnly mission before morning. Invaluable in such extremities is **Dr. Hooker's Cough and Croup Syrup.** Free from opium, it is safe and effectual in preventing throat and lung troubles. Splendid for Asthma. A record of **Fifty Years.**
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Beecham's pills are for biliousness, bilious headache, dyspepsia, heartburn, torpid liver, dizziness, sick headache, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, loss of appetite, sallow skin, when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

Book free; pills 25c. At drugstores, or write B.F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York.

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CATARRH
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At a good restaurant
you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces, which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that with
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as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your own kitchen?
Miss Maria Parloa
tells you how.
100 of her recipes sent postpaid by Dauchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

The Russian Thistle Plague

The Russian thistle, for the extirpation of which North Dakota farmers and railroads ask $1,000,000 from Congress, first made its appearance in 1878. It came in some shipments of flaxseed from Russia, and does not exist across the Canadian line. The Russian pest is more destructive than the Canadian thistle. It has no leaves and cannot be burned. It grows among the grain, and when the grain is taken off it grows into an immense mat of weeds, thickly interspersed with briers. It is impossible to plow through it, and in some localities farmers have had to abandon the land. Along the Huron, Aberdeen, and Ellendale branches of the Great Northern Railway the Russian thistle covers many grain-fields, and also portions of the railway's right of way. Unless action is taken, aided by the farmers, the damage to the land will be infinitely greater than any of the worst grasshopper plagues these districts have ever experienced. Unless checked it will extend to southern Minnesota and North Dakota. The danger from this source is very great, inasmuch as if the grain from these districts is shipped to other localities, and at any of these remains, the same trouble will develop in districts that are now free from it. The only way to destroy the thistle is to pull it up by the roots. Three counties in North Dakota, near the South Dakota line, have been abandoned because of it. In one county fifteen quarter-sections have been abandoned. The horses' legs are covered with leather leggins to protect them from the thistles, and where the thistle is dense it is impossible to force one's way through it. It became so troublesome in one Russian province that the Government for two years supported the peasantry, and only required that the latter should twice a year plow the thistle up and turn it under.

Simple-Minded

The Rev. John Henry, a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, emigrated to this country from Ireland in 1829, and was sent to East Circuit, Talbot County, Maryland, a short time after. He was a fine preacher and an accomplished theologian, but was as simple as a child in all worldly matters.

His innocent and amusing blunders caused many smiles among his friends—enemies he had none.

At one time he was called upon by Mr. John L. Kerr, afterwards United States Senator, and informed that his horse had been in the habit of getting into a pasture-lot which belonged to Mr. Kerr, who suggested that the minister had better take measures to prevent the trespass in future.

Mr. Henry listened to the rebuke meekly, but when Mr. Kerr finished he asked, with his childlike smile:

"An', Mr. Kerr, have you a better place to put him?"

He once was preaching in a country meeting-house where the pulpit, as was often the case in those days, was elevated nearly to the ceiling. In the midst of his sermon the gentle minister heard a tapping directly above his head on the roof. It evidently disconcerted him, and after a moment he stopped and listened.

"What is that?" he inquired, turning a perplexed face upon the congregation below him.

"It's only a woodpecker," replied two or three of the men in chorus.

"A woodpecker, is it?" repeated Mr. Henry, in evident bewilderment and anxiety. "An' will he hurt my horse, I wonder?"

Being reassured upon this point he resumed his sermon, although the taps of the unknown creature above him were evidently the cause of some anxiety until they at last ceased, when his face regained its usual placid expression.—*Youth's Companion*

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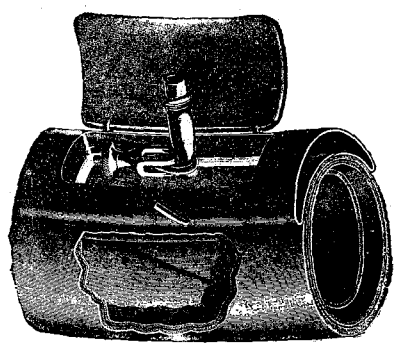

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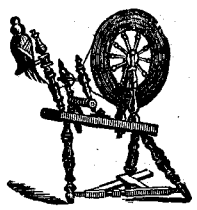
Registered  *Trade-Mark*

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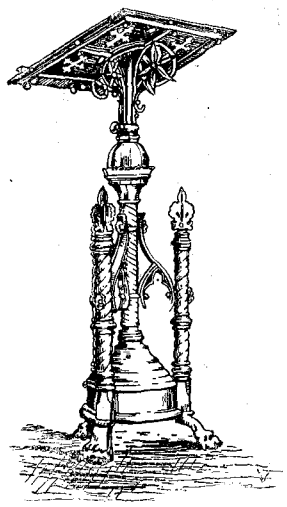

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